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To the present number of this work is prefixed a head of Washington. It is the Editor's intention to select, for the embellishment of this publication, the portraits of all eminent and illustrious men among his countrymen. Justice obviously demands that in doing this he should pay no regard to party animosities and divisions. Washington, however, will hardly fail of being acceptable to all, and his portrait will be followed by those of his successors in the presidency, in their due order.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON, NOW PUBLISHING.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I HAVE been waiting, with great impatience, for the first volume of the Life of Washington, which has been so long expected, and my wishes have just been gratified. I have eagerly perused this great work, and cannot forbear sending you a few thoughts concerning it. It is an affair in which every enlightened American must deem his own honour, and that of his country, particularly concerned. There probably never was a work yet published, in which we should feel a deeper interest, not merely from our reverence for the memory of him whose actions it records, but from the influence on our literary reputation which such a work cannot fail to have, among the learned of all nations.

It will be reasonably expected, that the historian of Washington was selected under the liveliest persuasions of this kind; that in him were thought to be united the greatest number of intellectual accomplishments. As the subject of the work had just expired, his biographer would, of course, be selected from those who had partaken as an agent of the same events, been a witness of the same transactions,

and enjoyed, in the highest degree, and for the longest period, the public confidence and private intimacy of the general. These were qualifications attainable in the choice of a historian of such recent events, and therefore they were indispensible. As every excellence cannot be combined in one person; as one perfectly qualified, in some respects, may be deficient in others; as they who are willing may not be able, either from the pressure of personal infirmities or duties, or from the want of suitable knowledge or industry; and as they who are able may not be willing, *he* will, of course, be chosen that is best qualified among those who are both able and willing.

It is easy to perceive what a heavy and arduous office the selected writer has assumed. Where the demands and the expectations of the world are so very high, and where the notions of merit are so numerous and various, what mortal can hope to give universal satisfaction? Who, indeed, can hope to escape severe censure? The work will be, to some, too concise, to others too prolix. Some will think the writer has been too sparing of Washington's own memorandums and letters; while others will perhaps believe it better for the compiler to have extracted *less*, and to have digested and related in his own person *more*. Some will discover too much veneration for the deceased hero, too prodigal and indiscriminate a panegyric; while others will probably resent the cold and envious moderation with which the author has tempered praise with blame.

There is a very numerous class of readers, who were extremely displeased with the scheme, when first suggested, of any biographical compilation whatever. All the world knows Washington possessed, among innumerable virtues, that of order and method. He had a just regard for posthumous fame; and knowing, likewise, that no collection of documents, relative to a single person, would reflect so much light upon the history of his native country, and of human nature, as that which had grown up under his own pen, and that of his numerous correspondents, he had taken care to arrange his papers in exact order, and thus to facilitate the task of their publication. Men seldom leave papers behind them which they do not desire to rescue from oblivion; and from the length of the period of Washington's retirement, and his known prudence and foresight, it cannot be thought that he left any papers in his collection unworthy to be preserved. His admirable modesty prevented him, perhaps, from enjoining his survivors to publish all that they found, but surely his judgment would have prompted him to destroy what he fully believed to be improper or unsuitable for publication. At any rate, whatever he himself may have thought, the world at large cannot fail to entertain the liveliest curiosity concerning these inestimable manuscripts.

A numerous class of readers, being acquainted with this circumstance, demanded from Washington's heirs the publication of nothing less than the whole collection left by him. They firmly believe that the deceased left nothing behind him, to the publication of which he would object, because this is the necessary consequence of his known generosity and prudence; and they no less fondly believe that every thing which Washington wrote bears the peculiar stamp of his genius and his wisdom.

Should it be objected that this collection contains many things of little value or moment; that many of his correspondents were inconsiderable people, induced to write to him by their wants or their impertinence, and the answers, therefore, mere matters of course and common-place, it will be replied, that, though a selection ought to be made among the letters of his correspondents, his own letters ought to be printed without exception or condition. As Washington himself is the great object of enlightened curiosity, the reader would find little difficulty in

dispensing altogether with that part of his collection consisting of letters from others; and yet, since his correspondence must have comprehended a large number of the most illustrious and enlightened personages of the age, would not a liberal curiosity eagerly accept these letters, by which so much light would be thrown upon the characters and history of the writers, on the affairs of the world at large, and on many important topics of science?

No one will allow any force to the objection that the publication would be too voluminous; for what possible inconvenience can arise from a large number of volumes? If pecuniary considerations are to have weight, there was surely no reason to apprehend that the work, however voluminous, would want buyers. The name of Washington could hardly fail to recommend it to boundless and perpetual popularity, in both the new world and the old; and it is much to be dreaded, that the plan actually adopted will be much less advantageous, in a pecuniary view. Whatever may be the fame or merit of other names, the works of Washington himself would surely lay claim to higher curiosity than the production of any other; and his own life would be read in his own documents, memorandums, and letters, with infinitely more interest than in the compilation of any other pen.

This plan, however, having been unalterably rejected, the admirers of the deceased hero and sage had only to console themselves with the hope of having, in the projected biography, a very great deal of Washington's own penning. This hope was somewhat damped, by the news that the work was to be limited to *three* octavo volumes. Had it extended to six or eight, it would still surely have borne a very small proportion to the bulk of the materials, and would by no means have greatly exceeded what has been published in relation to men, Clarendon and Walpole for example, very much inferior to Washington in the magnitude, variety, splendour, or duration of the parts they have acted on the theatre of human life.

What was the disappointment of such readers, on finding, in the volume just published, *one third* of the projected work entirely devoted to a general history of North America, anterior to the revolution! No one can deny the utility and merit of such a theme; and though the execution be not equal to the performances of Hume and Robertson, very great praise may yet be justly the writer's due. They who expected in the life of Washington nothing more than a general history of North America, from the original settlement to his death, and all, whose notions of pleasure or instruction to be reaped from it were connected with the reputation for skill, diligence, and impartiality of Mr. Marshall, will no doubt be highly gratified by this preliminary narrative, and that which is to follow. But those, whose chief curiosity related to the individual Washington, and who were anxious to see him as pourtrayed by his own pen; who think that the general history of the nation has been sufficiently discussed by other hands, or ought to be deferred to a future time, and a different occasion, will experience great impatience and vexation at their disappointment. They will be extremely loth to allow to any other judgment the task of culling and selecting from a heap, every particle of which is, in their eyes, of inestimable value; but since they must submit to this, their remaining hope will be, that the culling will be very large, and that if three volumes must constitute the narrow limits of this selection, Washington himself, or his most illustrious correspondents and compeers, will speak in every page.

From the specimen now afforded, it is evident that these views will be frustrated. The utmost that can be hoped is, that the *two* remaining volumes will be devoted to the favourite hero of America. This hope, however, is a groundless one, since it is evident, from what has

already appeared, that the remainder is merely to constitute a general history of the United States, and that the Washington papers are merely designed to furnish the materials of this history.

It is devoutly to be hoped, that, after they have performed this office to a single writer, they will not be consigned to the flames, or, what is nearly as bad, shut up in private garrets and closets from public curiosity. Such documents are by no means rendered useless by the intended publication, since other historians and compilers may entertain different notions of their comparative value, make different selections, and form different conclusions, from those formed by the present writer. Such papers are, in the strictest sense, the property of the curious and enlightened among all nations, or at least among the countrymen of Washington. It is the duty, therefore, of those who now possess them, to deposit them in a place most convenient and accessible to liberal enquirers, and to subject their examination to no difficulties and restraints, but such as are indispensible to their safety.

There can be no doubt that this was the design of the illustrious deceased. In his eyes, it was the duty of a good and great man not only to make his life serviceable to mankind, but to extract a public advantage from his death; and how can any man more eminently contribute to the public good than to leave a benevolent example to posterity?

The most obvious mode of diffusing and perpetuating the knowledge of these precious remains was evidently to multiply the copies of them, in the most cheap, manageable, and commodious form of publication..... Thus would all the world have been enabled to judge of Washington and his transactions, *at first hand*, to cull and select for themselves, and deduce their own theories and inferences. A history or biography, extracted from these papers, would always be useful and acceptable, but this ought to come merely in the shape of supplement, appendix, or addition, and not as a *substitute*.

Beautiful examples of this mode of communicating great men to the public may be found in the two works of the ingenious and impartial Mr. Coxe: one the life of sir Robert Walpole, and the other of lord Walpole. In both these cases, the history, or compilation, is merely subsidiary or supplemental. The great body of the work is a very large collection of original papers. Those, truly desirous of knowing these eminent men, could easily dispense with the lucubrations of Coxe, but the original papers were indispensible. It was the possession of these that enabled Coxe to think and to write upon this subject, and every judicious reader will imperiously demand the same means and opportunities of judging for himself. The world will as much more earnestly deplore the adoption of a different plan in "The Life of Washington," as Washington's character, and the veneration it has gained from mankind, exceed the fame and merits of any minister or ambassador of Great Britain.

CURIOSO.

For the Literary Magazine.

A MISER.

MONEY, in the opinion of the world, is the *one thing needful*, and men, distinguishable in many ways from each other, may all be distinguished by their passion for accumulation. To the great number of examples which daily present themselves to every body's view, the following has occurred, the last year, in England, and deserves to be repeated:

Thomas Pett, a noted miser, was a native of Warwickshire, and, at the age of ten years, came to London, with a solitary shilling in his pocket. As he had neither friends nor relations in the capital, he was indebted to the humanity of an old

woman that sold pies for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself a living.

In the course of a few days, he was engaged as an errand-boy by a tallow-chandler. His mistress, a lady of London mould, however, could not reconcile herself to his rustic manners and awkward gait, so she dismissed him one cold winter evening, with this observation..... "Your master hired you in my absence, and I'll pack you off in his." The good husband, however, did not desert Tom. He found him out, and bound him apprentice to a butcher in the borough of Southwark. He behaved so well during his apprenticeship, that his master recommended him when he was out of his time to a brother of the cleaver in Clare market, as a journeyman.

Tom's maxim was, that honesty was not the shortest road to wealth, but that it was the surest. For the first five years he was engaged at twenty-five pounds a year, meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expence were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expences were reduced to these three heads: lodging, clothing, and washing. As to the first he fixed on a back room on the second floor, with one window that occasionally admitted a straggling sun-beam. As to dress, every article was second hand; nor was he choice in the colour or quality, jocosely observing, when he was ridiculed on his garb, that, according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the sun: and that as to colour, it was a mere matter of fancy; and that that was the best which stuck longest to its integrity. Then, as to washing, he used to say that a man did not deserve a shirt that would not wash it himself; and that the only fault he found in lord North, was the duty he imposed on soap. There was one expence, however, that lay heavy on his mind, and always robbed him of a night's sleep, and that was shaving. He often lamented that he had not learned to shave himself; he used to console himself, however, by hoping that beards would one day be in fashion, and that even the Bond-street loungers would be driven to wear artificial ones. He made a promise one night when he was very thirsty, that as soon as he had accumulated a thousand pounds, he would treat himself with a pint of beer every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to observe it till the additional duty was laid on porter. He then sunk to half a pint, as he thought that sufficient for any man that did not wish to get drunk, and of course die in a work-house. If he heard of an auction in the neighbourhood, he was sure to run for a catalogue, and when he had collected a number together, he used to sell them for waste-paper. When he was first told that the bank was restricted from paying in specie, he shook *loudly* (as Klopstock the poet says), took to his bed, and could not be prevailed on to taste a morsel, or wet his lips, till he was assured that all was right. On Sundays, after dinner, he used to lock himself up in his room, and amuse himself with reading an old newspaper, or writing rhymes, many of which he left behind him, on slips of paper. The following will serve as a specimen of his talents in the rhythmical line:

On hearing that small-beer was raised.

They've raised the price of table-drink,
What is the reason do you think?
The tax on malt, the cause, I hear!
But what has malt to do with table-beer?

He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to kindle a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candle-light. He was a great friend to good cheer at the expence of another. Every man, said he, ought to eat when he can get it. An empty sack can't stand. If he ventured into a public-house, he always sat in the darkest corner of the room, and never opened his lips, unless Bonaparte happened to be mentioned, or a parish dinner; then indeed he would launch out in praise of roast beef and plum-pudding, as

the staple dishes of every Briton's board. Sometimes he would say a few words against the vile sin of gluttony, but it was always with a full belly. He was very civil to the fair sex, especially his customers; but it is supposed by those that had the best opportunity of knowing him, that he never thought of matrimony. For the last ten years of his life he lived with Mrs. Addison and son, at a salary of forty pounds a year, meat and drink included. In his manners he was extremely inoffensive, and honest in all his dealings.

So much for the life of Thomas Pett, who lived forty-two years as a journeyman butcher in Clare market, thirty of which he resided in one room, which was never brightened up with coal or candle-light, till about six days before his death. In all that period, he was never known to treat an acquaintance with a glass of liquor, to run one penny in debt, to lend or borrow a shilling, or to speak ill of any person. For the space of twenty years, he used to say that his pulse rose and fell with the funds; and that gold was the clouded cane of youth, and the crutch of old age. In his illness he was advised to make his will, which at length he reluctantly assented to; and when he had signed his name, he observed with a sigh, that it was a pity a man should sign away his property with his own hand, which he had been scraping together all his life. He left 2475l. in the 3 per cents to a number of distant relations; and lamented with his last breath that he did not live to make it the round sum of three thousand pounds.

For the Literary Magazine.

LA CHEMISE DE LA VIERGE MARIE.

IT is well known that the votaries of the Roman religion deem themselves in possession of every thing belonging to the person, family, and household of the Saviour. Every article of his clothing and lodging, the house in which he was born, the cup out of which his infancy was fed, and even drops, or rather quarts, of his blood, are preserved in European churches. As curious a relic as any, however, was *la chemise de la vierge*, which was preserved, in the city of Chartres, in the ninth century.

When that city was besieged by Raoul, or Rollo, duke of Normandy, the good bishop of Chartres carried it as a banner, at the head of the burghers, in a sally; and it was believed, the siege was raised through that means.

But, it should seem that she had a *couple;* for in 1579, the queen of Henry III of France not being fruitful, the king borrowed them both, and made the queen wear one, whilst he put on the other; but it appears the relic was more propitious in the field of Mars than favourable to Juno Lucina.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

CONTINUED.

LUDLOE'S remarks on the seductive and bewitching powers of women, on the difficulty of keeping a secret which they wish to know, and to gain which they employ the soft artillery of tears and prayers, and blandishments and menaces, are familiar to all men, but they had little weight with me, because they were unsupported by my own experience. I had never had any intellectual or sentimental connection with the sex. My meditations and pursuits had all led a different way, and a bias had gradually been given to my feelings, very unfavourable to the refinements of love. I acknowledge, with shame and regret, that I was accustomed to regard the physical and sensual con-

sequences of the sexual relation as realities, and every thing intellectual, disinterested, and heroic, which enthusiasts connect with it as idle dreams. Besides, said I, I am yet a stranger to the secret, on the preservation of which so much stress is laid, and it will be optional with me to receive it or not. If, in the progress of my acquaintance with Mrs. Benington, I should perceive any extraordinary danger in the gift, cannot I refuse, or at least delay to comply with any new conditions from Ludloe? Will not his candour and his affection for me rather commend than disapprove my diffidence? In fine, I resolved to see this lady.

She was, it seems, the widow of Benington, whom I knew in Spain. This man was an English merchant settled at Barcelona, to whom I had been commended by Ludloe's letters, and through whom my pecuniary supplies were furnished..... Much intercourse and some degree of intimacy had taken place between us, and I had gained a pretty accurate knowledge of his character. I had been informed, through different channels, that his wife was much his superior in rank, that she possessed great wealth in her own right, and that some disagreement of temper or views occasioned their separation. She had married him for love, and still doated on him: the occasions for separation having arisen, it seems, not on her side but on his. As his habits of reflection were nowise friendly to religion, and as hers, according to Ludloe, were of the opposite kind, it is possible that some jarring had arisen between them from this source. Indeed, from some casual and broken hints of Benington, especially in the latter part of his life, I had long since gathered this conjecture..... Something, thought I, may be derived from my acquaintance with her husband favourable to my views.

I anxiously waited for an opportunity of acquainting Ludloe with my resolution. On the day of our last conversation, he had made a short excursion from town, intending to return the same evening, but had continued absent for several days. As soon as he came back, I hastened to acquaint him with my wishes.

Have you well considered this matter, said he. Be assured it is of no trivial import. The moment at which you enter the presence of this woman will decide your future destiny. Even putting out of view the subject of our late conversations, the light in which you shall appear to her will greatly influence your happiness, since, though you cannot fail to love her, it is quite uncertain what return she may think proper to make. Much, doubtless, will depend on your own perseverance and address, but you will have many, perhaps insuperable obstacles to encounter on several accounts, and especially in her attachment to the memory of her late husband. As to her devout temper, this is nearly allied to a warm imagination in some other respects, and will operate much more in favour of an ardent and artful lover, than against him.

I still expressed my willingness to try my fortune with her.

Well, said he, I anticipated your consent to my proposal, and the visit I have just made was to her. I thought it best to pave the way, by informing her that I had met with one for whom she had desired me to look out. You must know that her father was one of these singular men who set a value upon things exactly in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining or comprehending them. His passion was for antiques, and his favourite pursuit during a long life was monuments in brass, marble, and parchment, of the remotest antiquity. He was wholly indifferent to the character or conduct of our present sovereign and his ministers, but was extremely solicitous about the name and exploits of a king of Ireland that lived two or three centuries before the flood. He felt no curiosity to know

who was the father of his wife's child, but would travel a thousand miles, and consume months, in investigating which son of Noah it was that first landed on the coast of Munster. He would give a hundred guineas from the mint for a piece of old decayed copper no bigger than his nail, provided it had aukward characters upon it, too much defaced to be read. The whole stock of a great bookseller was, in his eyes, a cheap exchange for a shred of parchment, containing half a homily written by St. Patrick. He would have gratefully given all his patrimonial domains to one who should inform him what pendragon or druid it was who set up the first stone on Salisbury plain.

This spirit, as you may readily suppose, being seconded by great wealth and long life, contributed to form a very large collection of venerable lumber, which, though beyond all price to the collector himself, is of no value to his heiress but so far as it is marketable. She designs to bring the whole to auction, but for this purpose a catalogue and description are necessary. Her father trusted to a faithful memory, and to vague and scarcely legible memorandums, and has left a very arduous task to any one who shall be named to the office. It occurred to me, that the best means of promoting your views was to recommend you to this office.

You are not entirely without the antiquarian frenzy yourself. The employment, therefore, will be somewhat agreeable to you for its own sake. It will entitle you to become an inmate of the same house, and thus establish an incessant intercourse between you, and the nature of the business is such, that you may perform it in what time, and with what degree of diligence and accuracy you please.

I ventured to insinuate that, to a woman of rank and family, the character of a hireling was by no means a favourable recommendation.

He answered, that he proposed, by the account he should give of me, to obviate every scruple of that nature. Though my father was no better than a farmer, it is not absolutely certain but that my remoter ancestors had princely blood in their veins: but as long as proofs of my low extraction did not impertinently intrude themselves, my silence, or, at most, equivocal surmises, seasonably made use of, might secure me from all inconveniences on the score of birth. He should represent me, and I was such, as his friend, favourite, and equal, and my passion for antiquities should be my principal inducement to undertake this office, though my poverty would make no objection to a reasonable pecuniary recompense.

Having expressed my acquiescence in his measures, he thus proceeded: My visit was made to my kinswoman, for the purpose, as I just now told you, of paving your way into her family; but, on my arrival at her house, I found nothing but disorder and alarm. Mrs. Benington, it seems, on returning from a longer ride than customary, last Thursday evening, was attacked by robbers. Her attendants related an imperfect tale of somebody advancing at the critical moment to her rescue. It seems, however, they did more harm than good; for the horses took to flight and overturned the carriage, in consequence of which Mrs. Benington was severely bruised. She has kept her bed ever since, and a fever was likely to ensue, which has only left her out of danger to-day.

As the adventure before related, in which I had so much concern, occurred at the time mentioned by Ludloe, and as all other circumstances were alike, I could not doubt that the person whom the exertion of my mysterious powers had relieved was Mrs. Benington: but what an ill-omened interference was mine! The robbers would probably have been satisfied with the few guineas in her purse, and, on receiv-

ing these, would have left her to prosecute her journey in peace and security, but, by absurdly offering a succour, which could only operate upon the fears of her assailants, I endangered her life, first by the desperate discharge of a pistol, and next by the fright of the horses..... My anxiety, which would have been less if I had not been, in some degree, myself the author of the evil, was nearly removed by Ludloe's proceeding to assure me that all danger was at an end, and that he left the lady in the road to perfect health. He had seized the earliest opportunity of acquainting her with the purpose of his visit, and had brought back with him her cheerful acceptance of my services. The next week was appointed for my introduction.

With such an object in view, I had little leisure to attend to any indifferent object. My thoughts were continually bent upon the expected introduction, and my impatience and curiosity drew strength, not merely from the character of Mrs. Benington, but from the nature of my new employment. Ludloe had truly observed, that I was infected with somewhat of this antiquarian mania myself, and I now remembered that Benington had frequently alluded to this collection in possession of his wife. My curiosity had then been more than once excited by his representations, and I had formed a vague resolution of making myself acquainted with this lady and her learned treasure, should I ever return to Ireland..... Other incidents had driven this matter from my mind.

Meanwhile, affairs between Ludloe and myself remained stationary. Our conferences, which were regular and daily, related to general topics, and though his instructions were adapted to promote my improvement in the most useful branches of knowledge, they never afforded a glimpse towards that quarter where my curiosity was most active.

The next week now arrived, but Ludloe informed me that the state of Mrs. Benington's health required a short excursion into the country, and that he himself proposed to bear her company. The journey was to last about a fortnight, after which I might prepare myself for an introduction to her.

This was a very unexpected and disagreeable trial to my patience. The interval of solitude that now succeeded would have passed rapidly and pleasantly enough, if an event of so much moment were not in suspense. Books, of which I was passionately fond, would have afforded me delightful and incessant occupation, and Ludloe, by way of reconciling me to unavoidable delays, had given me access to a little closet, in which his rarer and more valuable books were kept.

All my amusements, both by inclination and necessity, were centered in myself and at home. Ludloe appeared to have no visitants, and though frequently abroad, or at least secluded from me, had never proposed my introduction to any of his friends, except Mrs. Benington. My obligations to him were already too great to allow me to lay claim to new favours and indulgences, nor, indeed, was my disposition such as to make society needful to my happiness. My character had been, in some degree, modelled by the faculty which I possessed. This deriving all its supposed value from impenetrable secrecy, and Ludloe's admonitions tending powerfully to impress me with the necessity of wariness and circumspection in my general intercourse with mankind, I had gradually fallen into sedate, reserved, mysterious, and unsociable habits. My heart wanted not a friend.

In this temper of mind, I set myself to examine the novelties which Ludloe's private book-cases contained. 'Twill be strange, thought I, if his favourite volumes do not show some marks of my friend's character. To know a man's favourite or most constant studies

cannot fail of letting in some little light upon his secret thoughts, and though he would not have given me the reading of these books, if he had thought them capable of unveiling more of his concerns than he wished, yet possibly my ingenuity may go one step farther than he dreams of. You shall judge whether I was right in my conjectures.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

AS it is extremely useful to a man to know the opinion of others concerning himself, so there is somewhat of the same advantage in knowing how we are regarded as a whole community, by other nations. There is, no doubt, the same prejudice or bias in our own favour, in the comparisons we form between our own nation and others, as those that take place between ourselves and other individuals; and it by no means follows, that we are not entitled to censure, merely because we indignantly reject it: but, whether we admit or deny the justice of the censure, it is always useful to hear it. If it fails to enlighten ourselves, on the important subject of our own character, it at least affords us some information as to the character of the observer.

The blunders committed by European travellers in America, are, of course, particularly gross and enormous to our apprehensions, merely because our opportunities of observation, or our prejudices, are directly called forth and exercised on this subject. The natives and residents of every country have probably the same reason with ourselves to despise and laugh at the report of foreign travellers concerning them; and our own experience, in this respect, should teach us caution and circumspection in judging of other nations, whether they be exhibited to our immediate observation, or only surveyed through the optics of others.

Under these impressions, I send you a view of the American character, taken from a popular and celebrated foreign publication. This sketch will enable us to know what ideas are formed of us by strangers; for though the actual observer be a single person, the mass of mankind are only his readers; they look with his eyes, and take the fashion of opinions which he dictates.

I have marked some passages in Italics, as containing errors more than commonly gross, or such as my opportunities have enabled me to detect. There are, no doubt, many others, which other readers will, by different mode of life or place of residence, be enabled to confute; and I hope they will not be unnoticed by the readers of your work.

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The inhabitants of the several states differ as much from each other, in their customs, manners, and genius, as they are distinguishable from their ancestors. It is impossible to assign any general character to them, not only on account of the difference of climate, but because the continual influx of a vast number of foreigners, who import their early and habitual inclinations, and never entirely lose them but with their lives, will require the smoothing hand of three or four generations before the peculiarities of each are worn off, and rounded to any thing like an approximation of manners. These peculiarities are, of course, in proportion to the greater or lesser influx in each state, as a river receives more or less of a saline mixture, according to the strength or weakness with which its current meets the invading tide..... Amongst these different habitudes, the frugality and plainness of the High and Low Dutch, the industry and parsimony of the Scots, the ge-

nius, conviviality, and want of economy of the English, the hardiness of the Irish, who are of the lower order, and the frivolity of the French, are easily recognized, although they all, sooner or later, give way to the general mass of American customs, which long usage and republican genius have established.

The characteristics of a native American consist of a deliberate, and almost repulsive, gravity, a cool, phlegmatic manner, and a dry, desultory, monotonous tone of speech. This substance is evidently affected by the leaven of so many heterogeneous, fluctuating particles, and is, altogether, a strange and almost indescribable compound.

The states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, retain more of their primitive manners than any of the rest, except New York, as being less sophisticated. The inhabitants are brave, enterprizing, and industrious. They dress as much in the English fashion as is consistent with the different degrees of heat and cold, which is greater in both extremes than in England. They receive few emigrants, and those chiefly English and Scots. They are reckoned, even among their own countrymen, to be very acute in their dealings; and at Providence, in Rhode Island, it is a common boast, that no son of Israel could ever stand his ground among them for six months.

The Americans are all extremely inquisitive, owing, no doubt, to the practice of their earliest forefathers of inquiring news of their relations and friends in the mother country, from every new comer; but, although the cause is done away, the effect still remains, and no where so much as in the state of Connecticut, of which Dr. Franklin was in the habit of relating, that, being very much incommoded, in his passage through it, by the questions which every individual put to him, he used to desire the whole family to be assembled; and, having told them his name, from whence he came, and whither he was going, he observed that he made this communication to them in a body, that he might not have to answer their inquiries one after another. In their agricultural pursuits, they follow nearly the English system.

The state of New York, besides a great number of English, Irish, and Scots, receives a multitude of Germans, as all the High and Low Dutch are indiscriminately called, and some few French. Their manners and dress are very nearly English, but their agriculture is a mixture of the German, English, and local modes. The city of New York is a sociable place, and, in that respect, divides the opinion of travellers with Boston, in Massachusetts.

The state of New Jersey, having no sea-port, is little liable to a mixture. It is a great inland thoroughfare, as lying between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, but the distance is so short, about ninety miles, that these travellers leave scarcely any other tracks than the wheels of their carriage. *The inhabitants are principally of that sect denominated friends.* The soil being extremely sandy, is very little adapted to agriculture; *the inhabitants raise poultry and garden-stuff for New York and Philadelphia markets;* and supply these and other places with wood for fuel; which, particularly pine wood, is so plentiful, that they have a number of iron-furnaces and one glass-house at work. *They are a very peaceable, quiet people, although numbers of them are of that class called fighting quakers, because they do not object to take up arms.*

The state of Pennsylvania, like that of New York, is the receptacle of British, Germans, and some French; their agriculture is nearly the same, but inclining rather more to the fashion of the Germans, who are the most industrious and useful settlers in the United States. They have very extensive inland settlements, and some towns, as Lancaster, Reading, *Wommeldorf*, &c. are *wholly inhabited by themselves.* The mode of dress is a medley of the

English, German, and quaker styles. Delaware, the smallest of the states, is scarcely, in any respect, distinguishable from Pennsylvania.

Here a line seems to be drawn betwixt the northern and southern states, as the difference is immediately perceptible. Whether from the effects of climate, or the toleration of slavery, (perhaps a mixture of each) industry declines, and the white man becomes a vegetable. This is the case in the state of Maryland. I do not speak of the maritime towns, where business must be looked to, or bankruptcy is inevitable; but of the inland parts, and general force of the state.

Cultivation is left wholly to the Negroes; and what in other parts is termed an agriculturist, assumes there the pompous style of a planter. His life is a uniform scene of luxurious indolence; inappetent, restless, and uneasy, for want of every kind of exercise, his time is spent in gaming, carousing, or sleeping..... Horse-racing, cock-fighting, and billiards, are the chief games, which are followed up so closely, that when the money is gone, it is very common to hear a Negro staked against a few barrels of rice on a game of billiards.

Virginia excels Maryland in luxury and indolence. A planter scorns even that degree of exercise, which monarchs have not thought themselves disgraced by: I mean that of amusing themselves in a flower-garden. An Englishman calling upon a gentleman, whose house was situated a little distance from James river, was very hospitably received, although a stranger, and presently conducted to the stable to look at his race-horses, which were by no means remarkable. The Englishman, however, not to disappoint his entertainer, spoke more highly of them than he thought himself justified in doing. On their return to the house, the Englishman was struck with the beauty of the garden in front of the house, from whence it diverged to the river, in a gentle slope, about 250 yards in length, in a direct line from the house. The Virginian informed him, it had been laid out by a Scots gentleman, to whom the house originally belonged. The Englishman, thinking to pay him a high compliment, told him he must bestow great pains to keep it in such fine order. "I, sir!" replied the Virginian, seemingly much nettled; "my Negroes do!!"

Passing over North Carolina, which has emerged very little from its original state of barbarity, the same description, as has been given of Virginia, will serve for South Carolina and Georgia, only that the latter is the least rich and populous.

The Negroes of the southern states are very numerous, and have been lately very mutinous. Although the importation of new slaves is now prohibited throughout the United States, yet the Americans have no objection to make a traffic of them, by fitting out vessels for the trade, and disposing of their human cargoes in the Spanish settlements. I remember to have seen one of those vessels at Charleston, S. C. the whole crew of which (except the master and mate) were blacks and mulattoes!

Vermont, Kentucky, and Tenessee, are new states, daily receiving *the refuse of all the rest. The inhabitants are almost as unpolished as the Indian natives they have dispossessed.*

From this analytical sketch it must be apparent the Americans can possess no other national character than what our common ancestors might be supposed to have had immediately after the succeeding irruptions of the Saxons, Danes, Romans, and Normans; and, in all probability, never will, as there is no less a difference between the northern and southern states, than betwixt the Hebrides and the West Indies. There appears at present a decided superiority of the northern over the southern states, which, perhaps, the abolition of slavery in the latter may greatly diminish.

The jurisprudence of the United

States may be divided into the congressional law, and the common or customary law; the former is analogous to the English statute law, and may be divided into the law of the supreme legislature, and that of the state legislature: the former runs over all the United States; the latter is binding on each particular state, by the former. The common, or customary law differs only from the English in those points where the fundamentals of a monarchial form of government are repugnant to those of a republican one; as, for instance, in the descent of lands, the right of primogeniture is taken away, and all the next of kin share equally; but, in those doctrinal points, wherein the two forms may agree, they generally refer to the English report-books. The process is, however, very much simplified; as debt, assault, battery, defamation, and other common, personal occurrences, are tried in a summary way by justices of the peace, who also perform the marriage-ceremony. Those who wish to be more minutely informed of the progress of American jurisprudence, must be referred to the reports of Bushrod Washington, Dallas, and Wallace, which are the only written treatises upon that subject. The two English professions of barrister and attorney are here blended into one.

The science of the American medical professors has been so frequently the subject of controversy with their brethren on this side the water, that the best opinions of it may be extracted from the treatises published on both sides: *as in law, the professions of physician, apothecary, and surgeon, are all blended into one.*

All religious sects are tolerated in the United States, and a preference given to none. The externals of religion are exhibited in all its different sounds, aspects, and touches, of prayers, sighs, groans, kisses of love, of peace, of friendship, dancing, jumping, and tumbling. The professors of every sect are alike eligible to state offices, as no religious test is required, the only oath to be taken is that of allegiance to the United States, of abjuration of all foreign allegiance, and, in the true spirit of republicanism, of renunciation of all titles of nobility. Deism is very prevalent, and, in many places, as New York, &c. openly professed. The spirit of fanatacism, so notorious, some time back, in the northern states, is totally obliterated, except some remains of outward show in Connecticut. *There, if a person is seen travelling on a Sunday, he is seized, led to a place of worship, and seated between his guards during divine service, with the eyes of the congregation upon him, much to his and their edification, no doubt. The delinquent has not then undergone the whole of his punishment; he must pay* 40*s. to his spiritual guardians for their trouble before he is suffered to go away on the Monday. The pulpit is almost universally made the vehicle of political declamation;* yet it is but justice, however, to say, there are, in the clerical function, many pious, intelligent, liberal-minded men.

Arts and sciences are low in the United States, although they seem to be emerging from the gulph of politics, which have hitherto swallowed up every other pursuit. No person, who has visited them, can doubt of their genius being adequate to works of art and literature, if rouzed from its torpidity. In their theatrical amusements, they make a just discrimination between the excellencies and absurdities of the European drama, notwithstanding their own productions of that kind, such as Bunker's Hill, Major Andre, &c. are below mediocrity. That they have a genius for painting, the works of a West and a Copley will prove; but, it must be confessed, they have flourished as exotics, who would have perished in their indigenous soil. That they have a taste for useful inventions, is evident from the efforts of Franklin, Rittenhouse, Gould, &c. and they even assert, that the invention of the quadrant, attributed to Hadley, an Eng-

lishman, belonged to Godfrey, an American.

In music, I have never known any American, who could be justly styled an adept; nor does a true relish for it seem to prevail in the United States. A few popular tunes, such as *Yankee Doodle*, *Adams and Liberty*, *Washington's March*, &c. are more acceptable to them than the most scientific compositions.

Of their architectural taste, little can be said, as almost the whole of their public edifices have been designed by foreign, particularly French, artists. The aqueduct for conveying the water from the river Schuylkill through the city of Philadelphia, was designed and executed by an Englishman, of the name of Latrobe. Those private houses which they build are commodious and well-finished; and the brick work in Philadelphia is not to be excelled any where. The United States have many works of utility, but exhibit very few specimens of architectural taste. Penn's mode of building in parallel lines prevails in almost every city and town, except New York and Boston; it strikes the eye for a day or two, but after that, it is remarked by all travellers, that the uniformity gradually declines into insipidity, and even disgust. The same view, go where you will, and what distance you will, within the extent of the city, must become tiresome.

In naval architecture, the Americans have made the greatest progress. Their vessels, for beauty, symmetry of proportion, and swiftness of sailing, are outdone by those of no other nation, insomuch that a vast number of them are built for sale to other nations; but they certainly are not equal to British ships for durability. A person, who had worked upon timber for upwards of forty years, assured me, that there was to be found, in all American timber, a quantity of sand, which never failed, in a very few strokes of the best plane, to turn its edge totally. This sand, he was convinced from experience, although he did not know enough of the physiology of a tree to account for its being there, or of its effects, must be the occasion of the timber's rotting so soon as it did, notwithstanding he had frequently covered it with every kind of varnish in common use..... This defect, therefore, in American vessels should be imputed to the materials, and not the workmen.

It seems rather a paradox in nature, that the United States, comprizing an extent, from north to south, nearly equal to that of all Europe, should produce timber inferior to that of Norway, Livonia, Russia, and the northern parts of Europe; but the timber which comes from the Baltic is universally esteemed, and purchased at a much higher price, than what comes from the United States. This must afford a convincing proof of the inferiority of the latter, as interest has a stronger tie upon men's affections than unfounded prejudices, and cheapness is the first law of commerce: therefore, as the timber of the United States is cheaper, if it had not been greatly inferior in quality, it would have forced its way into the European markets before this time. Another very strong confirmation of the inferiority of the timber of the United States is, that, even when they were British colonies, the British government imported their masts from the Baltic in preference, although the balance of trade was very much against them. Whatever may be the natural defects in their vessels, yet it is universally acknowledged, that no nation has made a greater progress in the science of constructing them.

The American is naturally grave, deliberate, and temperate; enterprising, ingenious, and if not scientific, it is owing more to a want of education, than a want of genius. The love of liberty, and impatience of controul, break out at a very early period in their youth. Children are too gay, and too delighted with the prospect before them, to be naturally inclined to study; they are for enjoying life, when they should be learn-

ing how to enjoy it. Some degree of restraint upon them is therefore necessary for their welfare; but if the reins of parental authority sit loosely upon a boy, no wonder if he quits the thorny path of science, before he has gathered any of its sweets, for that of pleasure. The consequence is obvious: he loses the only period of his life in which science is attainable. The Americans have, notwithstanding, made a laudable progress in useful and experimental, if not in ornamental and speculative, science; and considering they do not possess European affluence, it cannot be expected they should dedicate those funds to works of taste, which they are called upon to apply to those of utility: but as they do all that prudence can justify, it is fair to presume the luxury of science will find its way among them in the train of wealth.

For the Literary Magazine.

JOHN CHURCHMAN.

THIS singular man is a native of America, and few of his countrymen deserve a biographical memorial more than he. He is one of those examples of self-instructed genius, with which America abounds more than any other part of the world. His family were farmers, and the intimations and suggestions of his own mind, as he guided the plough or loaded the stack, led him to the study of arithmetic and astronomy.

He has been distinguished, all his life, by an enterprising and indefatigable zeal. Without any external grace or liberal accomplishment, without the least acquaintance with any branch of knowledge but mathematics, with a most obscure and imperfect elocution, ungainly person, and rustic manners, he has made vigorous efforts, both in Europe and America, to set himself at the head of maritime expeditions of great national expence and importance. He has made himself known to all the philosophers of Europe. Like Columbus, disappointment has never abated his zeal, and the labours of fifteen years may now be approaching to a successful close.... The last intelligence concerning him is, that he was on the eve of embarking, on a voyage round the world, at Petersburg, in vessels fitted out by the emperor Alexander. The departure of these ships was fixed for July last year.

Some particulars concerning him, furnished by his friends and relations in America, would be extremely acceptable.

For the Literary Magazine.

STONES FROM THE MOON.

ONE of the most remarkable effects of the progress of science, is the first bringing into disrepute opinions originating in credulity and ignorance; and afterwards restoring them again to their original credibility. The man in the moon, which vulgar optics used so clearly to distinguish, was afterwards condemned and exploded, as an absurd impossibility. Unlearned eyes saw nothing in the moon but a globe, or rather a circular mass, rolling, at a moderate distance above us, and between which and the earth there was the same congeniality as between the top of a terrestrial mountain and the bottom, and so situated, that any thing detached from it must necessarily fall among the dwellings of men. That matters should sometimes fall from the moon was therefore a probable event, and certain masses were pointed out, which were believed to have actually thus fallen. The progress of astronomy, which removed the moon to a much greater distance from the earth than the vulgar had imagined it to be, and which made it the centre of a certain sphere of attraction, tore up these popular opinions by the roots. But now, behold the won-

ders which have been wrought by the discoveries of the eighteenth century! Lalande and the best astronomers are now firmly of opinion, that optical glasses are in the inevitable road to such a degree of improvement as will enable us to see rivers and trees, men and cattle, in the moon, provided there be any such there, and the probability that stones have frequently fallen from the moon has been shown to be capable of mathematical proof.

Many philosophers, both in England and France, assert, that the stones found in many parts of the world, supposed to have dropped from the clouds, are, in fact, the effect of eruptions from lunar volcanoes. To prove that these eruptions may reach the earth, it has been calculated, that if the lunar volcanoes in any part of the hemisphere of that planet which is visible to us, should project bodies with a force sufficient to carry them with a velocity of 7000 feet in a second, they must necessarily throw them within the sphere of the earth's attraction. And even supposing that a body projected from a lunar volcano, meets with a resistance equivalent to that of two miles of an atmosphere of equal density with ours, and supposing the velocity of projection to be 12,000 feet per second, and the body to be a sphere, whose diameter is 12 inches, and specific gravity 10,000 times greater than that of the atmosphere, it would lose in its passage less than one-third of its first velocity, and would still retain more than sufficient force to carry it within the sphere of the earth's attraction.

In answer to the objection that arises from the bodies being in a state of ignition when they fall to the earth, it is replied, that the space between the earth and the moon must be either nearly or altogether a vacuum; it must be almost, if not quite, a non-conductor of heat; so that it will easily be conceived, that a body passing through it may retain, during its passage of about four or five days, nearly the same degree of heat with which it set out, especially as no change of texture takes place, by which its heat can become latent.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CHARACTER OF THOMAS DAY.

THERE is seldom to be met with a more curious and instructive narrative* than that which is given by Miss Seward of Thomas Day, the author of the celebrated work "Sandford and Merton." A great part of mankind, or at least the best part, are governed by an unaccountable and blameable degree of either indolence or diffidence, which hinders them from being their own biographers. How extremely small is the number of those, whose merits or singularities have made them worthy of general curiosity, who have left behind them any memorial of themselves. Judging without experience, one would imagine that vanity, or a lust of applause, would lead a vast multitude to burthen the public with the history of their own lives; but the fact is, that the class of self-biographers consists almost entirely of those who have very little merit in any eyes but their own; whereas that illustrious train, whose works will live forever in the memory of mankind, and whose minutest reliques are regarded with some degree of idolatry, have suffered themselves wantonly to perish; for to leave the office of recording their lives to others, or to content themselves with compiling loose and concise summaries, as Hume and Gibbon have done, is the same thing nearly as to leave themselves wholly without memorial.

No complaint is more common, than that the historians of great men are totally unfitted for the province, by the want of candour,

* Inserted *entire* in this number.

sagacity, or information, and the curious must have many a sigh that Johnson's own hand did not supersede the labours of Boswell, or Darwin's those of Miss Seward. But I never more regretted the want of a faithful and minute picture, drawn by the hand itself of the pourtrayed, than with respect to Thomas Day. Miss Seward's narrative is drawn up with great felicity, and all it wants is that minuteness and fidelity which the hand of Mr. Day could alone give. We have libraries full of the self-written tales of soldiers, sailors, and actors, of pilgrims, and enthusiasts, which nobody at all reads, or nobody with benefit or patience, while men like Thomas Day, whose lives have been distinguished by the most lofty projects, sublime virtues, and extraordinary vicissitudes, are suffered to sink into oblivion. The fortunate hand of a casual acquaintance, like Miss Seward, has brought millions to a knowledge of this man, who would otherwise have lived a few years in the vague recollection of half a dozen, and then perished forever.

In reading this sketch, we immediately perceive the original from which Miss Edgeworth derived the hint for the grand incident in her novel of Belinda. Such blind mortals are critics, that this portion of Miss E.'s work appeared the only part liable to particular exception as unnatural and improbable, though, as it now appears, it was drawn from her own experience, and the example of Mr. Day.

This man's life was distinguished, beyond most others, by examples of the fallacy of all human projects..... Not one of his elaborate schemes were crowned with success, and the end he sought was at last accomplished, but by a mere random stroke of fortune, and in opposition to all the measures which he had taken to insure it. His disappointments form an admirable lesson on the imperfection of all formal plans of education, at least of such as begin at so late a period as ten or twelve years of age. What reasonable man, not blinded and dazzled by a favourite theory, would ever have dreamed that the character of man or woman, their capacities and tempers, were not completely formed before twelve years of age! And since the earliest impressions are the most durable, who would make a choice among those whose parents were too indigent or profligate even to maintain their children? The chances that the two orphans, Sabrina and Lavinia, would grow up free from vicious propensities and grovelling tastes, were extremely few, and yet they actually grew up into modest and respectable characters. This circumstance, however, was still owing to early and infantile impressions, which chanced to be good, for the education they received from their protector seems to have been calculated only to stupify or deprave them. That the good tendency of early habits was not blasted and stifled was no doubt owing to his speedily consigning them to the ordinary instructors of female youth, and thus the rectitude of their sentiments was put to hazard by the very means he used to foster it, and secured by the very means which he deemed fatal to it.

The orphan whom he sought to qualify for his future wife, proved totally unfit for him, while she finally was chosen by the man, who probably regarded the tenants of an orphan-house as necessarily doomed to folly or depravity. While he laughed at the visionary projects of his friend, and predicted nothing but an evil destiny to the objects of his selection, he was actually assisting to select from the herd of destitute urchins his own future wife.

Had Mr. Day succeeded in his application to either of the Miss Sneyds, he would only have ensured the perpetual misery of himself and of the object of his love. His own habits could not have been relinquished willingly, gracefully, or completely; and they could not have

been retained without destruction to the ease and comfort of his companion.

The kind of being, whom he endeavoured to mould with his own hands, at last made her appearance in the giddy and gaudy sphere of rank and fashion, ready modelled. In thus answering his hopes, Heaven probably designed a lesson on the absurdity and folly of his plans of conduct, but through kindness to posterity, denied him the principal good for which he probably consented to marry at all, that of having children to instruct and rear according to his favourite system. This consequence, so commonly and naturally flowing from marriage, his destiny (*evil* as he probably thought it) refused him.

His character appears to have been little influenced, in a favourable manner, by age and experience. He seems, indeed, to have resigned all hope of tutoring human beings to his mind, but he committed a new though characteristic error, in turning all his efforts of tuition from human to brutal nature, from men to horses, and the lamentable, yet ridiculous catastrophe of his eventful drama, was to die of the kick of a horse, whom he had reared and educated himself: thus, in his very death, completing the catalogue of his absurdities, and exemplifying the folly of all systematic plans of education.

For the Literary Magazine.

ITALIAN POPLAR.

THE Italian poplar, so fashionable in America, has been chiefly valued for its hardy constitution, its quick growth, and a regular spiry form, which ornaments without encumbering, and affords a shade, friendly to man, but harmless to vegetables. Nothing forms so advantageous a fence or enclosure, and such beautiful and convenient avenues in cities. The timber, however, has generally been thought worthless. It has, however, been of late very warmly recommended by a corresponding member of a French agricultural society at Poitiers, as flooring, as a preventative against the destruction of corn in granaries, &c. by weevils, insects, &c. A series of experiments made by him on this subject, at first accidentally discovered, have been attended with complete success.

For the Literary Magazine.

PERSONAL SIMILITUDES.

A MOST remarkable instance of personal similitude has just ocurred at New York, in a trial for a double marriage. A man, by name Hoag, is charged with marrying one woman, whom he afterwards deserts, and marries another. He is met, under the name of Parker, by the friends and relations of his first wife, and by the first wife herself, who all combine in swearing positively, that this is the very man. Another equally numerous set of witnesses unanimously swear, that the man before them worked for them and with them, eat with them, and conversed with them, in the city of New York, at the very time when the first set of witnesses maintained that he was in their company, at a distance in the country. The witnesses against him not only affirmed the exact resemblance of the man before them to Thomas Hoag, in stature, shape, gesture, complexion, looks, voice, and articulation, but even the accidental mark of a scar upon the forehead. The scales of testimony appear to have been equally balanced, till the prisoner exhibited the sole of his foot, in which there was no traces of a scar, such as the witnesses from the country had maintained was distinctly and indelibly imprinted upon Thomas Hoag.

All impartial observers must conclude, from this display of evidence, that both parties are equally sincere, and consequently that there are two men, exactly alike in their persons and external sensible constitution, one called Hoag, and the other Parker. A casual resemblance of this nature, between two persons of different families, is surely not impossible; this resemblance between persons sprung from the same parents is still more probable; but what is most probable, is this similitude between *twins*.

The reporters of this curious trial ought to have proceeded further, and to have given some particulars of the life of Parker, by which some clue might have been afforded to a solution of this marvellous enigma. Ignorant as we are of the real events of his history, we are obliged to acquiesce in the conjecture that Hoag and Parker are brothers, or twin brothers, though neither may be apprized of the existence of the other.

This event has suggested to me some remarks on the subject of personal similitude, which may not be wholly unworthy of attention. In the whole circle of physiology, there is surely no subject more curious and surprising.

The mind of man is particularly struck, in every object that it meets with, with those lines and features which are similar to those of objects previously seen. Such similarities occur at the first glance; the differences are only perceptible after repeated scrutiny and observation; the closer scrutiny and longer the observation, the more differences appear, the more individualized becomes the object, and the more is the imagination filled with its peculiarities. The consequence of familiar and repeated observation is finally to extinguish the sense of parity and likeness, and leave no image in the mind but such as are peculiar to the individual object.

Strictly speaking, no two existences are wholly or exactly alike. Since matter is infinitely divisible, and nature works within ample limits, the configuration of no two particles or masses are exactly similar.

The difference between two masses must doubtless be, in some cases, far beyond the power of the human senses to distinguish; but though we know the senses have a sphere, beyond the bounds of which they cannot pass, yet it is impossible to discover or ascertain the actual limits of this sphere. The longer the senses apply themselves to scrutinize one set of objects, the more disparities appear in it, and the number of these would go on in increasing indefinitely.

Thus a man sees no resemblance in general between his own figure, countenance, or voice, and those of his brothers, parents, or near relations, or between these persons to each other. On the contrary, he usually imagines a striking difference between them; a much greater difference than is to be found between them and the members of a different family.

Strangers, on the contrary, when they are imperfectly acquainted, express their astonishment at the resemblance between the brotherhood: they frequently mistake one brother for another, and confound their names together. In proportion as this stranger becomes familiar or intimate, their common resemblance insensibly fades, and he is surprised that he should ever have discovered a resemblance, where now he sees nothing but diversity.

So likewise a man, in surveying a collection of his countrymen or neighbours, is always disposed to remark the diversity among them. He exclaims, what caprice and variety is there in nature! how totally unlike are the forms and faces of these men!

A stranger, from a foreign country, sees nothing, at first, of this variety. Wherever he turns his eye, he discovers the national face; in every breath he hears the national accent; the gait and manner have an air of eternal similarity; but all

this similarity vanishes on a closer inspection and longer acquaintance.

A native of Denmark, on his first arrival in this city, took a survey of it by walking in a busy day up and down one of its principal streets, and afterwards mentioned to his friends, that the American faces were all alike, and while they strongly resembled each other, were as widely different from those of Englishmen, as Englishmen were unlike Spaniards, or Germans dissimilar from French.

Travellers tell us, that a native African, before he is familiarized to white faces, conceives them all to be exactly alike, and confounds the Frenchman, the Turk, and the Chinese together.

As we are less familiar with the lower animals, and their discriminating peculiarities, than with those of our own species, striking examples of this property occur in our observation of beasts. A Spanish shepherd can instantly perceive if one among forty thousand sheep be missing. No two of his neighbours are more clearly distinguished by their shapes and looks, than every two of his sheep, and, to a casual observer, every sheep's face is the same.

A blind man will discover a score of different degrees of smoothness, in pieces of marble, which shall appear all perfectly alike to the man with sight, because the blind are accustomed to attend exclusively to objects of touch.

The well-known Dr. Moise, while in this city (Philadelphia), went to a goldsmith, and directed a certain number of holes to be made in a thin plate of brass, which holes were all to be equidistant from each other, to be perfectly round, and to be of the same diameter. The work was done with all possible nicety; the operations of the drill being aided by a microscope. When carried to the doctor, he passed his finger over it, and instantly complained of a great number of defects in the work; some holes being at unequal distances from others, some being larger than others, and some irregular in their shapes. He concluded to take another plate, and do the work himself.

With all these considerations, it is certain that all men differ from a common standard. It is no less certain, however, that they vary from this standard in different degrees, and that some approach so nearly to the same model, that they cannot without difficulty be distinguished from each other, unless it be by name, dress, some adventitious mark (as a halt or a scar, in consequence of wounds or casualties), or some acquired habit. This similarity is never so complete as between twins of the same sex. I know of more instances than one of twins above seven or eight years old, whom the mother, no dull or inaccurate observer, is enabled to distinguish only by difference in their dress. There are several instances in which a wife has continually confounded her husband with a twin brother.

A similitude of this kind has given rise to many events on record, sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes tragical. An old Greek dramatic poet was the first, within our knowledge, who built a ludicrous drama upon this foundation. The comic Plautus took the hint, and adopted the fable of the Greek in his Mænechmi..... From some translation of the plays of Plautus, Shakespeare borrowed, with certain variations and enlargements, the plot of his Comedy of Errors. In all these pieces, the incidents turn on a similitude between twin brothers, whose existence is unknown to each other, and this certainly is the circumstance calculated to produce the most surprising and mysterious events, though many extraordinary and signal consequences might flow from this similitude, when generally known. I am indeed somewhat surprised that so copious a source of the wonderful has not been drained dry by the dealers in fiction.

The reality of this likeness cannot be denied. It is built upon unquestionable evidence. The late

trial is certainly a very remarkable example of it, between two persons whose existence was totally unknown to each other, and a multitude of trials originating from the same unsuspected similitude are to be found upon the records of European judicature, some of which exceed, in the mystery and marvellousness of the events, any thing which the richest invention has produced. One cannot, therefore, but be suprised, that the Greek, Roman, and English dramatists are the only inventors who have made use of this convenient engine for awakening the wonder and tormenting the curiosity of their readers.

Physiologists, I believe, have never determined to what degree of exactness this resemblance may extend. There are many notions, current in the world, about the congeniality and sympathy supposed to reign between resembling twins. It has been imagined that the same internal constitution exists in both; that their lives are limited by the same period; and that they are liable to the same maladies of body and mind. These, no doubt, are idle dreams, but have had such powerful influence, on some occasions, on the imagination of twins, as to occasion one to die, in a few hours after intelligence received of the death of the other.

Twins, by the name of Perreau, grew up to thirty-five or forty years of age, in the full enjoyment of health and vigour, but with the firm persuasion that they should die, as they were born, beside each other, and at the same time. This belief they gathered, it seems, from the predictions of an old beldame in Wales, near whose cottage they were born. The incredulity of their friends did not shake this opinion, and their conduct, in many instances, was governed by it. Many that knew this circumstance could not suppress some emotions of reverence for this Welsh sybil, when they beheld the two brothers convicted, at the *Old Bailey*, on a charge of forgery, and hanged together, hand in hand, on the same gallows. This event took place, about thirty years ago, in London, and is one of these coincidences that perhaps had not occurred before for many centuries.

The best solution given of the enigma of the *man with the iron mask*, who was imprisoned for many years, under circumstances of mysterious and impenetrable secrecy, in the bastile, is, that the prisoner was a twin brother of Louis the fourteenth, bearing a perfect resemblance to the monarch.

I could augment the list of personal similitudes to the extent of a volume, but have already, I fear, taken up too much of your time. If agreeable to you, you shall hear from me hereafter on this subject.

FELIX.

For the Literary Magazine.

POLITICAL INSTRUCTION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I WAS much pleased with the "Statistical View of the United States," which appeared in the last number of your magazine, and highly approve of the use to which the author wishes it applied in our seminaries. Following his example, I am induced to offer a few thoughts, on a similar subject, to the consideration of your readers. There are few, I believe, who have not observed the great ignorance of most men, on subjects of a general political nature, and even with those which immediately concern every man. How few do we find, among the middle and lower classes of society, who are able to tell the difference between an aristocratical, democratical, and oligarchical government, between a federalist and a democrat! Fewer still have any notion of the general principles of government. In a republic, every man is an acting member of the political

body, and his vote may decide the fate of millions; it is, therefore, highly necessary that he should be enabled to form, at least, independent and unbiassed opinions on those subjects, and not, like the blind, be led to act in such important situations, without any personal knowledge of his duty. To effect these, in my opinion, desirable objects, would not the adoption of the following plan be serviceable?

Let some person of talents compile a small work, which should contain a general outline of the science of the government, an account of the effects of different institutions of this nature on the happiness of mankind, a concise and impartial outline of the history of our own country, since the beginning of the revolution, its constitution, and the principles on which it is founded. Let a work of this nature be introduced into every school, and a small portion of time devoted to the attainment of political knowledge. By this means young men would be enabled to form correct opinions on these important subjects, and not ignorantly embrace those, whether right or wrong, which regulated the conduct of their fathers, guardians, or instructors. Let it not be said that youths would pay little attention to things of this kind; naturally, they pay little attention to learning of any kind: they should be obliged to learn this, as they are to learn other things; the impression would be left on their minds: a knowledge of these sciences, though imperfect, would be far more useful than some other things which are taught.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, July 7, 1803.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON POVERTY.

MUCH has been said, and more been written, on the advantages of poverty. It has been asserted that poverty gives us contentment, preserves our virtue, and strengthens our piety, but mankind seem still insensible to its blessings, and probably will ever remain so. No wealthy man has ever yet been sufficiently enraptured with the charms of the pale and haggard nymph, to induce him to leave the enjoyments of wealth, and fly to her embrace; those who have written in her praise were either the wealthy, who were ignorant of the proper means of enjoying riches, and thereby made it a source of misery to themselves or to their fellow men; or the indigent, who wished to persuade the world they were poor from choice, and not from necessity. This has been attempted by many, but believed by few; men have preferred poverty to wealth, only when the latter could not be obtained, except by the sacrifice of some darling, and perhaps valuable consideration: ease or independence, integrity or virtue.

Yet let no one suppose I mean to assert, that there is no man who has not preferred his own gratification to the happiness of others, that there is no one who would not prefer amassing wealth to serving mankind, promoting the interests of his country, or increasing its glory; by no means; we have too many shining examples of a contrary conduct, to allow us to entertain an opinion so erroneous.....examples well worthy of imitation, eternal remembrance, and grateful veneration.

But I will venture to assert, that no man ever preferred poverty, because he believed it to be in itself more valuable than riches, or thought the enjoyments of indigence greater than those of affluence. Wealth has been sacrificed, and poverty embraced, only by enthusiasts, at suggestions of duty, or in obedience to the terrors excited by superstition.

The indigent are exposed to many evils, of which the wealthy have no idea, to privations which they have heard of, but never experienced..... To be compelled to labour one day, to preserve existence the next, is one of the evils of poverty with which the wealthy are best acquaint-

ed, and which is least oppressive to the indigent. Labour, though severe to those unaccustomed to it, sits lighter on the shoulders of the habitually laborious, custom lessens the severity of their toil, strengthens their bodies, gives cheerfulness to their minds, and additional enjoyment to the hours of relaxation and rest.

But when the arm of sickness arrests the laborious father of a numerous and indigent family, when his nerveless limbs are extended on the miserable pallet, when, in addition to the pains of disease, he must contend with all the privations of extreme poverty, when that beloved family, whose comfort and even subsistence depend wholly upon the unceasing exertion of his physical powers, are perishing around him, then does poverty array herself in her most forbidding and most terrifying garb, adding misery to misery, and pang to pang!

Let any one imagine himself in the situation I have so imperfectly described, he will then be enabled to form a faint idea of some of the real distresses which the children of indigence are sometimes doomed to endure, and from which the affluent are in a great measure exempted; he will find new sources of enquiry displayed, new reflections awakened, and his benevolence powerfully excited.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, July 7, 1804.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE INVITATION.

ADDRESSED TO MR. C.....S O.....R.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since he cannot conquer, learns to fly.

GOLDSMITH.

FROM Schuylkill's rural banks o'erlooking wide
The glitt'ring pomp of Philadelphia's pride,
From laurel groves that bloom for ever here,
I hail my dearest friend with heart sincere,
And fondly ask, nay ardently implore,
One kind excursion to my cot once more.
The fairest scenes that ever blest the year
Now o'er our vales and yellow plains appear;
The richest harvests choke each loaded field,
The ruddiest fruit our glowing orchards yield.
In green, and gold, and purple plumes array'd,
The gayest songsters chant in ev'ry shade.
O could the muse but faithfully pourtray
The various pipes that hymn our rising day,
Whose thrilling melody can banish care,
Cheer the lone heart, and almost soothe despair,
My grateful verse should with their praises glow,
And distant shores our charming warblers know;
And you, dear sir, their harmony to hear,
Would bless the strain that led your footsteps here.

When morning dawns, and the bright sun again
Leaves the flat forests of the Jersey main,
Then through our woodbines, wet with glitt'ring dews,
The flow'r-fed humming-bird his round pursues,

Sips with inserted tube the honey'd blooms,
And chirps his gratitude, as round he roams;
While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast.
What heav'nly tints in mingling radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a diff'rent dye;
Like scales of burnish'd gold they dazzling show;
Now sink to shade, now furnace-bright they glow.

High on the waving top of some tall tree,
Sweet sings the thrush to morning and to me;
While round its skirts, 'midst pendent boughs of green,
The orange Baltimore is busy seen.
Prone from the points his netted nest is hung,
With hempen cordage curiously strung;
Here his young nestlings safe from danger lie,
Their craving wants the teeming boughs supply.
Gay chants their guardian, as for food he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.
The white-wing'd woodpecker with crimson crest,
Who digs from solid trunks his curious nest,
Sees the long black snake stealing to his brood,
And, screaming, stains the branches with its blood.

Here o'er the woods the tyrant king-bird sails,
Spreads his long wings, and every foe assails,
Snaps the returning bee with all her sweets,
Pursues the crow, the diving hawk defeats,
Darts on the eagle downwards from afar,
And 'midst the clouds prolongs the whirling war.
Deep in the thickest shade, with cadence sweet,
Soft as the tones that heaven-bound pilgrims greet,
Sings the wood-robin close retir'd from sight,
And swells his *solo* 'mid the shades of night.
Here sports the mocking-bird with matchless strain,
Returning back each warbler's notes again:
Now chants a robin, now o'er all the throng,
Pours out in strains sublime the thrush's song,
Barks like the squirrel, like the cat-bird squalls,
Now "Whip-poor-will," and now "Bob White" he calls.
The lonely red-bird too adorns the scene,
In brightest scarlet through the foliage green.
With many a warbler more, a vocal throng,
That shelter'd here their joyous notes prolong,
From the first dawn of dewy morning grey,
In sweet confusion till the close of day.
Ev'n when still night descends serene and cool,
Ten thousand pipes awake from yonder pool;
Owls, crickets, tree-frogs, *kitty-dids* resound,
And flashing *fire-flies* sparkle all around.
Such boundless plenty, such abundant stores
The rosy hand of nature round us pours,
That every living tribe their powers employ,
From morn to eve, to testify their joy,
And pour from meadow, field, and boughs above,
One general song of gratitude and love.
Even now, emerging from their prisons deep,
Wak'd from their seventeen years of tedious sleep,
In countless millions to our wondering eyes
The long-remember'd locusts glad arise,
Burst their enclosing shells, at Nature's call,
And join in praise to the great God of all.

Come then, dear sir, the noisy town forsake,
With me awhile these rural joys partake;

Come, leave your books, your pens, your studious cares,
Come, see the bliss that God for man prepares.
My shelt'ring bow'rs, with honeysuckles white,
My fishy pools, my cataracts invite;
My vines for you their clusters thick suspend,
My juicy peaches swell but for my friend;
For him who joins, with elegance and art,
The brightest talents to the warmest heart.
Here as with me at morn you range the wood,
Or headlong plunge amid the crystal flood,
More vig'rous life your firmer nerves shall brace,
A ruddier glow shall wanton o'er your face,
A livelier glance re-animate your eye,
Each anxious thought, each fretting care shall fly,
For here, through every field and rustling grove,
Sweet Peace and rosy Health for ever rove.

Come, then, O come! your burning streets forego,
Your lanes and wharves, where winds infectious blow,
Where sweeps and oystermen eternal growl,
Carts, crowds, and coaches harrow up the soul,
For deep, majestic woods, and op'ning glades,
And shining pools, and awe-inspiring shades;
Where fragrant shrubs perfume the air around,
And bending orchards kiss the flow'ry ground,
And luscious berries spread a feast for Jove,
And golden cherries studd the boughs above;
Amid these various sweets thy rustic friend
Shall to each woodland haunt thy steps attend,
His solitary walks, his noontide bowers,
The old associates of his lonely hours;
While Friendship's converse, gen'rous and sincere,
Exchanging every joy and every tear,
Shall warm each heart with such an ardent glow,
As wealth's whole pageantry could ne'er bestow.

Perhaps (for who can Nature's ties forget?)
As underneath the flowery shade we sit,
In this rich western world remotely plac'd,
Our thoughts may roam beyond the wat'ry waste,
And see, with sadden'd hearts, in memory's eye,
Those native shores, where dear-lov'd kindred sigh:
Where War and ghastly Want in horror reign,
And dying babes to fainting sires complain.
While we, alas! these mournful scenes retrace,
In climes of plenty, liberty, and peace,
Our tears shall flow, our ardent pray'rs arise,
That Heaven would wipe all sorrow from their eyes.

Thus, in celestial climes, the heavenly train,
Escap'd from earth's dark ills, and all its pain,
Sigh o'er the scenes of suffering man below,
And drop a tear in tribute to our woe.

A. W.....K.

Gray's Ferry, July, 1800.

SELECTED.

BETH GELERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

The story of this ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewelyn the great had a house; the greyhound, named Gelert, was given to him by his father-in-law king John, in the year 1205, and the place to this day is called Beth Gelert, or the grave of the greyhound.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And chearly smil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,

" Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
" Llewelyn's horn to hear!

" Oh where does faithful Gelert roam,
" The flow'r of all his race,
" So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
" A lion in the chace?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board,
The faithful Gelert fed,
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And centinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of warlike John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now as o'er the recks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chace of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,
When near the portal seat
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood,
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprize,
Unus'd such looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found
With blood stain'd covert rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side,
But no where found his child.

Hell hound! my child by thee's devour'd!
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep
His cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe.
" Best of thy kind, adieu!
" The frantic blow which laid thee low
" His heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt,
And marble, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the sportsman pass,
Or forester, unmov'd;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd;

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of " Gelert's grave."

TO A LADY, COMPLAINING OF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

BY MR. MOORE.

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night?

And I will say, Her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say, Her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care?
Perhaps, O sylph! perhaps 'tis love!

ODE

TO THE RIVER DERWENT,

WRITTEN IN A ROMANTIC VALLEY, NEAR ITS SOURCE.

BY DR. DARWIN.

DERWENT, what scenes thy wandering waves behold,
As bursting from thine hundred springs they stray,
And down these vales, in sounding torrents roll'd,
Seek to the shining east their mazy way!

Here dusky alders, leaning from the cliff,
Dip their long arms, and wave their branches wide;
There, as the loose rocks thwart my bounding skiff,
White moonbeams tremble on the foaming tide.

Pass on, ye waves, where, dress'd in lavish pride,
'Mid roseate bowers, the gorgeous Chatsworth beams,
Spreads her smooth lawns along your willowy side,
And eyes her gilded turrets in your streams.

Pass on, ye waves, where nature's rudest child,
Frowning incumbent o'er the darken'd floods,
Rock rear'd on rock, mountain on mountain pil'd,
Old Matlock sits, and shakes his crest of woods.

But when fair Derby's stately towers you view,
Where his bright meads your sparkling currents drink,
O! should Eliza press the morning dew,
And bend her graceful footsteps to your brink,

Uncurl your eddies, all your gales confine,
And, as your scaly nations gaze around,
Bid your gay nymphs pourtray, with pencil fine,
Her radiant form upon your silver ground.

With playful malice, from her kindling cheek
Steal the warm blush, and tinge your passing stream;
Mock the sweet transient dimples, as she speaks,
And, as she turns her eye, reflect the beam!

And tell her, Derwent, as you murmur by,
How in these wilds with hopeless love I burn;
Teach your lone vales and echoing caves to sigh,
And mix my briny sorrows with your urn.

SELECTIONS.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS DAY, AUTHOR OF SANDFORD AND MERTON.

ABOUT the year 1765, came to Lichfield, from the neighbourhood of Reading, the young and gay philosopher Mr. Edgeworth, a man of fortune, and recently married to Miss Ellars, of Oxfordshire. The fame of Dr. Darwin's various talents allured Mr. Edgeworth to the city they graced. Then scarcely two and twenty, and with an exterior yet more juvenile, he had mathematical science, mechanical ingenuity, and a competent portion of classical learning, with the possession of the modern languages. His address was gracefully spirited, and his conversation eloquent. He danced, he fenced, and winged his arrows with more than philosophic skill; yet did not the consciousness of these lighter endowments abate his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge.

After having established a friendship and correspondence with Dr. Darwin, Mr. Edgeworth did not return to Lichfield till the summer of the year 1770. With him came Mr. Day, of Bear-hill, in Berkshire. These young men had been fellow-students in the university of Oxford. Mr. Day was also attracted by the same celebrated abilities, which, five years before, had drawn his friend into their sphere. He was then twenty-four, in possession of a clear estate, about twelve hundred pounds per annum.

Mr. Day looked the philosopher. Powder and fine clothes were, at that time, the appendages of gentlemen. Mr. Day wore neither. He was tall, and stooped in the shoulders, full made, but not corpulent; and in his meditative and melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended. We found his features interesting and agreeable amidst the traces of a severe small-pox. There was a sort of weight upon the lids of his large hazle eyes; yet when he declaimed,

> ——— "Of good and evil,
> "Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,"

very expressive were the energies gleaming from them beneath the shade of sable hair, which, Adam-like, curled about his brows. Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. Edgeworth, but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, open-handed bounty, sedulous and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced, on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society, that marked his peculiar character. In succeeding years, Mr. Day published two noble poems, The Dying Negro, and The Devoted Legions; also Sandford and Merton, which, by wise parents, is put into every youthful hand.

Mr. Day dedicated the third edition of The Dying Negro to Rousseau. That dedication has every force and every grace of eloquence. The sentiments are strongly characteristic of their writer, except in the philippic against American resistance; just commenced when the address to Rousseau was composed. Generous indignation of the slave-trade, practised without remorse in the southern colonies of North America, induced Mr. Day to refuse them all credit for the patriotic virtue of that resistance to new and unconstitutional claims, which threatened their liberties.

In the course of the year 1770, Mr. Day stood for a full-length picture to Mr. Wright of Derby. A strong likeness and a dignified portrait were the result. Drawn as in the open air, the surrounding sky is tempestuous and dark. He stands leaning his left arm against a column inscribed to Hambden. Mr. Day

looks upward, as enthusiastically meditating on the contents of a book, held in his dropped right hand. The open leaf is the oration of that virtuous patriot in the senate, against the grant of ship-money, demanded by king Charles I. A flash of lightning plays in Mr. Day's hair, and illuminates the contents of the volume. The poetic fancy, and what were *then* the politics of the original, appear in the choice of subject and attitude. Dr. Darwin sat to Mr. Wright about the same period. *That* was a simply contemplative portrait, of the most perfect resemblance.

Mr. Day and Mr. Edgeworth took the house now inhabited by Mr. Moresby, in the little green valley of Stow, that slopes from the east end of the cathedral, and forms, with its old grey tower on the banks of its lake, so *lovely* a landscape. That house was Mr. Day's bachelor's hall through the year 1770; that of Mr. Edgeworth and his wife and family, in the ensuing year. All of this city and its vicinity, who comprehended and tasted those powers of mind which take the *higher* range of intellect, were delighted to mingle in such society.

Mr. Day's father died during his infancy. Soon after his mother married a gentleman of the name of Philips. The author of this narrative has often heard Mr. Day describe him as one of those common characters who seek to supply their inherent want of consequence, by a busy teizing interference in circumstances, with which they have no real concern.

Mrs. Philips, jointured with three hundred pounds a year out of her son's estate, was left his sole guardian, or united with another person in the trust, whom she influenced. Herself, influenced by such a husband, often rendered uncomfortable the domestic situation of a high-spirited youth. We may well suppose he impatiently brooked the preceptive impertinence and troublesome authority of a man whom he despised, and who had no claim upon his obedience, though he considered it as a duty to pay some outward respect to the husband of his mother.

She frequently repined at the narrowness of her jointure, and still oftener expressed solicitude lest Mr. Philips, who had no fortune of his own, should lose, in the decline of life, by losing *her*, all comfortable subsistence. It was Mr. Day's first act, on coming of age, and into possession of his estate, to augment his mother's jointure to four hundred, and to settle it upon Mr. Philips during his life. This bounty, to a man who had needlessly mortified and embittered so many years of his own infancy and youth, evinced a very elevated mind. That mind had also been wounded by the caprice of a young lady, who "claimed the triumph of a lettered heart," without knowing how to value and retain her prize.

She probably accepted Mr. Day's addresses in resentment, and afterwards found she had not a heart to give him. This is no uncommon case; and it is surely better to recede, even at the church-porch, than to plight the vow of *unexisting* love, which no effort of the *will* can implant in the bosom. It has been observed, that marriage is often the grave of love, but scarcely ever its cradle; and what hope of happiness, what hope of a blessing, on nuptials which commence with perjury!

Even at that period, "when youth, elate and gay, steps into life," Mr. Day was a rigid moralist, who proudly imposed on himself cold abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow an action to be virtuous, which was performed upon any hope of reward, here or hereafter. This severity of principle, more abstract and specious, than natural or useful, rendered Mr. Day sceptical towards revealed religion, though by no means a *confirmed* deist. Most unlike Dr. Johnson in those doubts, he resembled him in want of sympathy with such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections; resembled

him also in true compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of relieving them he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleasures of luxury. For that mass of human character which constitutes polished society, he avowed a sovereign contempt; above all things he expressed aversion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the fickleness which had stung him.

He thought it, however, his duty to marry; nursed systematic ideas of the force of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and loved to mould the infant and youthful mind.

Ever despicable in Mr. Day's estimation were the distinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth; and he had learnt to look back with resentment to the allurements of the graces. He resolved, if possible, that his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. *So* might she be his companion in that retirement, to which he had destined himself; and assist him in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He resolved, also, that she should be simple as a mountain girl, in her dress, her diet, and her manners; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines. There was no finding such a creature ready made; philosophical romance could not hope it. He must mould some infant into the being his fancy had imaged.

With the late Mr. Bicknel, then a barrister, in considerable practice, and of untainted reputation, and several years older than himself, Mr. Day lived on terms of intimate friendship. Credentials were procured of Mr. Day's moral probity, and with them, on his coming of age, these two friends journied to Shrewsbury, to explore the hospital in that town for foundling girls.... From the little train, Mr. Day, in the presence of Mr. Bicknel, selected two of twelve years each, both beautiful; one fair, with flaxen locks and light eyes, her he called Lucretia; the other, a clear, auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom, and chesnut tresses, he named Sabrina.

These girls were obtained on written conditions, for the performance of which Mr. Bicknel was security. They were, that Mr. Day should, within the twelvemonth after taking them, resign one into the protection of some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice; maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married, or began business for herself. Upon either of these events, he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of educating the girl he should retain, with a view to making her his future wife; solemnly engaged never to violate her innocence; and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her decently, in some creditable family, till she married, when he promised five hundred pounds as her wedding portion.

Mr. Day went instantly to France with these girls; not taking an English servant, that they might receive no ideas, except those which himself might choose to impart.

They teized and perplexed him; they quarrelled and fought incessantly; they sickened of the small-pox; they chained him to their bed-side by crying and screaming, if they were ever left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in *English*. He was obliged to sit up with them many nights; to perform for them the lowest offices of assistance.

They lost no beauty by their disease. Soon after they had recovered, crossing the Rhone with his wards, in a tempestuous day, the boat overset. Being an excellent swimmer, he saved them both, though with difficulty and danger to himself.

Mr. Day came back to England in eight months, heartily glad to separate the little squabblers. Sabrina was become the favourite. He placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber millener. She behaved well, and became the wife of a respectable linen-draper, in London. On his

return to his native country, he entrusted Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, with whom she resided some months in a country village, while he settled his affairs at his own mansion-house, from which he promised not to remove his mother.

It has been said before, that the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents allured Mr. Day to Lichfield. Thither he led, in the spring of the year 1770, the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and taking a twelve month's possession of the pleasant mansion in Stowe Valley, resumed his preparations for implanting in her young mind the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments had not the success he wished and expected. Her spirit could not be armed against the dread of pain, and the appearance of danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms, she did not endure it heroically, nor when he, fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed to be charged with balls, could she help starting aside, or suppress her screams.

When he tried her fidelity in secret-keeping, by telling her of well-invented dangers to himself, in which greater danger would result from its being discovered that he was *aware* of them, he once or twice detected her having imparted them to the servants, and to her play-fellows.

She betrayed a dislike to the study of books, and of the rudiments of science, which gave little promise of ability, that should one day be responsible for the education of of youths, who were to emulate the Gracchi.

Mr. Day persisted in these experiments, and sustained their continual disappointment during a year's residence in the vicinity of Lichfield. The difficulty seemed to lie in giving her *motive* to exertion, self-denial, and heroism. It was against his plan to draw it from the usual sources, pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, or vanity. His watchful cares had precluded all knowledge of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and its concommitant desire of ornamented dress. The only inducement, therefore, which this lovely artless girl could have to combat and subdue the natural preference, in youth so blooming, of ease to pain, of vacant sport to the labour of thinking, was the desire of pleasing her protector, though she knew not how or why he became such. In that desire, *fear* had greatly the ascendant of *affection*, and fear is a cold and indolent feeling.

Thus, after a series of fruitless trials, Mr. Day renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being his imagination had formed; and ceasing to behold her as his future wife, he placed her at a boarding-school in Sutton-Coldfield, Warwickshire. His trust in the power of education faultered; his aversion to modern elegance subsided. From the time he first lived in the Vale of Stowe, he had daily conversed with the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd of Lichfield*. Without having received a Spartan education, she united a disinterested desire to please, fortitude of spirit, native strength of intellect, literary and scientific taste, to unswerving truth, and to *all* the graces. She was the very Honora Sneyd, for whom the gallant and unfortunate Major Andre's inextinguishable passion is on *poetic*, as his military fame and hapless destiny are on *patriot*, record. Parental authority having dissolved the juvenile engagements of this distinguished youth and maid, Mr. Day offered to Honora his philosophic hand. She admired his talents; she revered his virtues; she tried to school her heart into softer sentiments in his favour. She did not succeed in that attempt, and ingenuously told him so. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, one year younger than herself, was very pretty, very sprightly, very

* It is easy to suspect that Mr. Day's despair as to Sabrina's improvement, and the discontinuance of his efforts, was the consequence, and not the cause, of his intimacy with Honora.—Ed.

artless, and very engaging, though countless degrees inferior to the endowed and adorned Honora. To *her* the yet love-luckless sage transferred the heart, which Honora had with sighs resigned. Elizabeth told Mr. Day she *could* have loved him, if he had acquired the manners of the world, instead of those austere singularities of air, habit, and address.

He began to impute to *them* the fickleness of his first love; the involuntary iciness of the charming Honora, as well as that for which her sister accounted. He told Elizabeth, that, for her sake, he would renounce his prejudices to external refinements, and try to acquire them. He would go to Paris for a year, and commit himself to dancing and fencing masters. He did so; stood daily an hour or two in frames, to screw back his shoulders, and point his feet; he practised the military gait, the fashionable bow, minuets, and cotillions; but it was too late; habits so long fixed, could no more than *partially* be overcome. The endeavour, made at intervals, and by *visible* effort, was more really ungraceful than the natural stoop, and unfashionable air. The studied bow on entrance, the suddenly recollected *assumption* of attitude, prompted the risible instead of the admiring sensation; neither was the showy dress, in which he came back to his fair one, a jot more becoming.

Poor Elizabeth reproached her reluctant ingratitude, upon which all this labour, these sacrifices had been wasted. She confessed, that Thomas Day, *blackguard*, as he used jestingly to style himself, *less* displeased her eye than Thomas Day, *fine gentleman*.

Thus again disappointed, he resumed his accustomed plainness of garb, and neglect of his person, and went again upon the continent for another year, with pursuits of higher aim, more congenial to his talents and former principles. Returning to England in the year 1773, he saw, that spring, Miss Honora Sneyd united to his friend Mr. Edgeworth, who was become a widower; and, in the year 1780, he learned that his second love of that name, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, was also, after the death of Honora, married to Mr. Edgeworth.

It was singular that Mr. Day should thus, in the course of seven years, find himself doubly rivalled by his most intimate friend; but his own previously renounced pursuit of those beautiful young women, left him without either cause or sensations of resentment on their account.

From the year 1773 this hitherto love-renounced philosopher resided chiefly in London, and amid the small and select circle which he frequented there, often met the pretty and elegant Miss Esther Mills, of Derbyshire, who, with modern acquirements, and amongst modish luxuries, suited to her large fortune, had cultivated her understanding by books, and her virtues by benevolence. The again unpolished stoic had every charm in *her* eyes,

> "She saw Othello's visage in his mind."

But, from indignant recollection of hopes so repeatedly baffled, Mr. Day looked with distrust on female attention, however flattering; nor was it till after years of her modest, yet tender devotion to his talents and merit, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills, if she could, for his sake, resign all that the world calls pleasures; all its luxuries, all its ostentation. If, with him, she could resolve to employ, after the ordinary comforts of life were supplied, the surplus of her affluent fortune in clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry; retire with him into the country, and shun, through remaining existence, the infectious taint of human society.

Mr. Day's constitutional fault, like poor Cowper's, seemed that of looking with severe and disgusted eyes upon those venial errors in his species, which are mutually tolerated by mankind. This stain of misan-

throphy was extremely deepened by his commerce with the world, restrained as that commerce had ever been. Satiric, jealous, and discerning, it was not easy to deceive him; yet, in a few instances, he *was* deceived by the appearance of virtues congenial to his own.

To proposals so formidable, so sure to be rejected by a heart less than infinitely attached, Miss Mills gladly assented: but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted that her whole fortune should be settled upon herself, totally out of his present or future controul; that if she grew tired of a system of life so likely to weary a woman of the world, she might return to that world any hour she chose, fully empowered to resume its habits and its pleasures.

They married, and retired into the country, about the year 1780, according to the best recollection of the author of these memoirs. No carriage; no appointed servant about Mrs. Day's own person; no luxury of any sort. Music, in which she was a distinguished proficient, was deemed trivial. She banished her harpsichord and music-books.... Frequent experiments upon her temper and her attachment were made by him, whom she lived but to obey and love. Over these she often wept, but never repined. No wife, bound in the strictest fetters, as to the incapacity of claiming separate maintenance, ever made more absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, than did this lady, whose independence had been secured, and of whom nothing was demanded as a *duty*.

Thus Mr. Day found, at last, amid the very class he dreaded, that of fashionable women, a heart, whose passion for him supplied all the requisites of his lofty expectations.

Some eight or ten years after his marriage, the life of this singular being became, in its meridian, a victim to *one* of his uncommon systems. He thought highly of the gratitude, generosity, and sensibility of horses; and that whenever they were disobedient, unruly, or vicious, it was owing to previous ill usage from men. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal. When it was time it should become serviceable, disdaining to employ a horsebreaker, he would use it to the bit and the burthen himself. He was not a good horseman. The animal disliking his new situation, heeded not the soothing voice to which he had been accustomed. He plunged, threw his master, and then, with his heels, struck him on the head an *instantly* fatal blow. It was said that Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun; that she lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and only rose to stray alone through her garden, when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom. She survived this adored husband two years, and then died, broken-hearted for his loss.

The reader will not be sorry to learn the future destiny of Sabrina. She remained at school three years; gained the esteem of her instructress; grew feminine, elegant, and amiable. This young woman proved one of many instances, that those modes of education, which have been sanctioned by long experience, are seldom abandoned to advantage by ingenious system-mongers.

When Sabrina left school, Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds annually. She boarded some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport, in Shropshire. Wherever she resided, wherever she paid visits, she secured to herself friends. Beautiful and admired, she passed the dangerous interval between sixteen and twenty-five, without one reflection upon her conduct, one stain upon her discretion. Often the guest of Dr. Darwin, and other of her friends in Lichfield, esteem and affection formed the tribute to her virtues.

Mr. Day corresponded with her parentally, but seldom saw her, and never without witnesses. Two years after his marriage, and in her twenty-sixth year, his friend, Mr. Bicknel, proposed himself; that *very*

Mr. Bicknel, who went with Mr. Day to the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, and by whose suretyship for his upright intentions the governors of that charity permitted Mr. Day to take from thence that beauteous girl, and the young Lucretia.

Mr. Bicknel, high in practice as a barrister, was generally thought an advantageous match for Sabrina. More from prudential than impassioned impulse did she accept his addresses, yet became one of the most affectionate as well as the best of wives. When Mr. Day's consent was asked by his *protegee*, he gave it in these ungracious words: "I do not refuse my *consent* to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not asked my *advice*." He gave her the promised dower, five hundred pounds.

Mr. Bicknel, without patrimonial fortune, and living up to his professional income, did not save money. His beloved wife brought him two boys. When the eldest was about five years old, their father was seized with a paralytic stroke, which in a few weeks became fatal. His charming widow had no means of independent support for herself and infants. Mr. Day said he would allow her thirty pounds annually, to assist the efforts which he expected she would make for the maintenance of herself and children. To have been more bounteous *must* surely have been in his *heart*, but it was *not* in his *system*. Through the benevolent exertions of Mr. Harding, solicitor general to the queen, the sum of eight hundred pounds was raised among the gentlemen of the bar for Mrs. Bicknel and her sons; the interest to be the mother's during her life, and the principal, at her decease, to be divided between her children.

That excellent woman has lived many years, and yet lives with the good Dr. Burney of Greenwich, as his housekeeper, and assistant in in the cares of his academy. She is treated by him, and his friends, with every mark of esteem and respect due to a gentlewoman, and one whose virtues entitle her to universal approbation. Her name was not in Mr. Day's will, but Mrs. Day continued the allowance he had made her, and *bequeathed* its continuance from her own fortune during Mrs. Bicknel's life. Mr. and Mrs. Day left no child.

Mr. Edgeworth having also lost his third wife, Elizabeth, is now the husband of a fourth, a daughter of the reverend Dr. Beaufort, of Ireland. He had four children by his first; a son, who of late years died in America; Miss Edgeworth, the celebrated writer of Stories for Children, and Moral Tales for Young People, &c. Miss Anna, married to the ingenious Dr. Beddoes of Bristol; and Miss Emmeline, married to Mr. King, surgeon of the same place. Honora left him an infant girl and boy, when she died in the year 1780. The former inherited her mother's name, her beauty, and her malady, and died of consumption at sixteen. The amiable son yet lives, with fine talents but infirm health. By his third wife, Elizabeth, he has several children; and by the present two or three. From Mr. Edgeworth's large family, elaborate systems of infantile education have proceeded: of them the author of these memoirs cannot speak, as she has not seen them. Other compositions, which are said to be humorous and brilliant, are from the same source

ON A YELLOW INK, THAT APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS.

By Laumont.

SOME time ago, having thrown into the fire a solution of a mixture of sulphate of copper and muriate of ammonia, where it produced very agreeable colours, some of it fell upon a piece of paper placed in the chimney, which became of a bright yellow colour. Having taken the paper from the chimney, I was

much astonished, some moments after, to find that it was no longer coloured: on again exposing it to heat the colour re-appeared, and disappeared in like manner on cooling.

I tried lately to repeat this experiment; and I obtained from these two salts, mixed nearly in equal parts, a solution of a bright yellow colour when warm, and of a beautiful emerald green when cold, which at first gave crystals in oblique prisms with rhomboidal bases, and then blue crystals in flat octaedra.

This liquor and the solution of the crystals gave a yellow ink, which appeared yellow with heat, and disappeared with cold, but still better with moisture.

I observed that these solutions are indebted for this property only to the muriate of copper, which when employed alone does not produce the same effect.

On comparing this ink with that given by the muriate of cobalt, known under the name of the sympathetic ink of Hellot, it is seen that all these kinds of ink are indebted for the property which they have of disappearing, only to metallic muriates, which powerfully attract the moisture of surrounding bodies.

The yellow ink produced by the muriate of copper and the solutions which contain it (very different from those which, being at first invisible, remain fixed after they have appeared) gives by its colour a variety very distinct from that of Hellot, which is of a sea green: with the latter it forms varied tints of an emerald green.

They may be made to appear at pleasure by the aid of heat, and to disappear very speedily by putting the writing between the folds of paper somewhat moist: but I must here observe, that it requires much care to make the experiment succeed completely, and that a certain degree of heat must not be exceeded; otherwise, the paper being scorched, the writing can no longer disappear.

PUGILISM.

From a London Paper.

YESTERDAY the admirers of this species of warfare, which is now brought to a scientific degree of perfection, were highly gratified by the public exhibition of three combats. The first was between the well-known bruiser, Burke, and the Game Chicken, who, in the short time that he has been in London, has reached the utmost degree of celebrity. The business was previously known among the *amateurs of the art*, and, notwithstanding the distance at which the battle was to take place, and the deepness of the roads, owing to the late rain, an immense concourse of spectators was assembled. Lord Camelford, Mr. Mellish, and a great number of *gentlemen*, admirers of the art, were present, besides the numerous set of people who went, either through a desire of seeing how their acquaintances behaved, or with a view of making money in betting. The battle was for a hundred guineas a side. The Chicken was the favourite from the beginning, and though a great many were found to support Burke, even before the combatants *set to*, some trifling odds were laid in favour of the Chicken. At twelve o'clock Burke, attended by Tom Owen, his second, stripped. The Chicken was seconded by Jack Gibbons. The different *rounds* were nearly as follows:

1. A great deal of *sparring*, each appearing particularly cautious of the other. At length Burke gave the Chicken a *strait forwarder* in the mouth, which, however, took little effect. The Chicken instantly returned it with interest. They closed, and Burke threw the Chicken.

2. The Chicken hit several *sharp* blows, but missing one, closed, and *cross buttocked* Burke.

3. Burke, in sparring, smiled, beckoned to the Chicken to come on. The Chicken, however, watched for a proper opportunity, when

he hit Burke a *strait armed body* blow. They then closed, and the Chicken threw Burke again.

4. The Chicken hit Burke with such violence in the mouth, that he fell back from the resistance which his own blow met with, and Burke tumbled.

5. Both parties gave and received a few slight blows. They sparred for some time. The Chicken then hit Burke straight forward with his left hand on the right ear. Burke gave a tremendous blow *over hand*, which brought the Chicken to the ground. The odds against Burke were then considerably lessened.

6. Burke knocked the Chicken down, but he rose directly, and wished to meet him again. Burke, however, was turning towards his second, and, *according to rule*, the other must not hit him. They of course waited the usual time to gain breath.

7. A great deal of sparring. They closed, and made each the utmost exertions to throw the other. The agility of the Chicken prevailed, and Burke fell.

8. Two smart blows on each side. They closed, and Burke *tripped* the Chicken.

9. Burke gave two strong but aukward *round* blows. The Chicken closed and threw him.

10. The Chicken hit Burke with such force in the breast that he knocked him down, and tumbled backward himself.

11. They sparred a long time..... The Chicken hit Burke in the side. They closed, and Burke fell again.

12. The Chicken hit Burke a desperate blow on the nose. Burke, however, *proved game*, hit several smaller blows, closed, and threw his antagonist.

13. They sparred a long time..... The Chicken got a straight forward blow at Burke upon the ear, with his left hand. Upon closing, it was observed, that Burke was not equal in agility to the Chicken, as the latter got hold of him with such advantage, that he lifted him up in his arms, and threw him against the ground.

14. A great deal of manœuvering on both sides. Burke gave several round blows with great force in a random way, and the Chicken fell.

15. The Chicken hit Burke strait forward with his left hand in the face, then *run in* and threw him.

16. The Chicken repeated his left hand strait forwarder. Burke made some *feints*, but gave no blow. The Chicken closed and threw him.

17. Burke, receiving another blow of the same description, and nearly in the same place, closed, but was thrown by his antagonist with ease. The bets were by this time six to one against Burke.

18. A very short round, in the course of which the same sort of left hand blows was repeated by the Chicken, but Burke closed and threw him.

19. No blow struck. Burke aimed a desperate blow, but his antagonist evading it, the force precipitated the giver over the back of his opponent, and he got a very severe fall.

20. Some very hard blows on both sides; Burke, however, missing one, fell again by his own force.

21. Some hard fighting, in the course of which Burke hit the Chicken with his right hand near the eye, which blackened it. He, however, received some very severe *body* blows, upon which he fell and bled a great deal.

22. Burke strove hard to hit the Chicken about the head, but failed. The Chicken repeated his favourite left hand blow, and Burke fell again.

23. The Chicken now stuck closer to his antagonist. He fit several hard blows right and left, which again brought Burke to the ground.

24. They sparred a great while. The Chicken again hit Burke in the nose with such force, that he was risen off the ground, and then fell, bleeding prodigiously.

25. Burke still stood up amazingly, but seemed to have lost all activity. He received three or four blows on

the mouth, nose, and ear, and then fell.

26. The left hand blow on the ear being repeated, Burke fell again.

27. The fighting was now all on one side. Burke received several hard blows, until he was once more knocked down.

28. The Chicken gave Burke a severe blow on his right side, which being *sharply followed up, right and left*, Burke fell in a deplorable situation, and gave in.

It was remarkable that these two pugilists fought on very different plans. Burke stood with his left side forward, his left arm extended to the utmost, and the right manœuvering to give the blow. The Chicken *squared* his arms *round*, keeping a straight front to his man, and playing both hands constantly. The battle lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and considerable bets were laid in the course of it, notwithstanding the manifest superiority of the Chicken, as many supposed that the hardiness of Burke might exhaust him. Belcher, Ward, Tring, Wood, the coachman, and several others of *equal celebrity*, were in the ring!

PICTURE OF LONDON.

Concluded from page 201.

THERE never was a period in the annals of time, in which singularity of character was so universally aimed at, as at the present epocha. Notoriety is now the leading spring of action; and those who are most zealous in acquiring it frequently mistake its characteristics for those of celebrity. For this important purpose, we behold authors writing in contradiction to their avowed principles; actors caricaturing nature, till they deprive her of every grace; painters presenting to the eye imaginary forms, disproportioned, distorted, and unlike any thing human; men effeminized like women; and women assuming the masculine deportment of the other sex; all eagerly pursuing the popular phantom, NOTORIETY!

There is, in the higher orders of society, a species of character, at once extraordinary and ridiculous. This kind of being may be distinguished by the appellation of ARISTOCRATIC DEMOCRAT! He presents, in his own person, all the pride of ancestry, all the pomp of wealth and titles, at the same time that he affects a love of equality, and a contempt for the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune. At his table persons of inferior rank are frequently invited. The noble host talks loudly of the rights of mankind; extols the blessing of universal liberty; commends equality as the unbounded source of every earthly blessing; and ridicules the distinctions which our ancestors bestowed on lineage and personal importance. At the same moment, his board is surrounded with liveried lacqueys; his plate, furniture, and linen emblazoned with coronets; his dependents pay him the most obsequious homage, and even his nearest relatives perpetually address him by the title of your grace! my lord! or your lordship!

Does such a personage mingle with the inferior classes of society? Does he consider the opulent man of commerce, or the untitled man of letters, as his equal? Does he in public require no marked respect, in private exact no homage? Does he live like his fellow-citizens; associate with humble worth; promote independence of mind, by dispensing with the ceremonies and forms of adulation? No! he is still the NOBLE! the SUPERIOR! the man of RANK! while those who feed at his board, or are honoured with his confidence, are taught to consider him as the patron, not the friend; as the protector, not the associate.

If a man of the less exalted classes of society meets the ARISTOCRATIC DEMOCRAT in the public streets, he is coldly saluted, or, perhaps, wilfully unseen, because his *grace*, or my *lord*, is then engaged in conver-

sation with men of his own rank and personal importance. When he invites his mistaken disciples to partake of the festivities of his table, he makes a prudent selection, and does not mix the convenient satellite with the contemporary meteor in the political hemisphere. In public he is inaccessible; for he sits in the higher circles, and, with a sullen superiority, looks down upon those men whose active powers of thought are the mere tools necessarily employed in raising the trembling fabric of his popularity. When he retires to meditate on the humiliations of a disappointed ambition, to his villa, or to the princely palace of his ancestors, does he there receive, consult, or associate with men of less exalted rank? Does he, with the patience of Socrates, or the continence of Scipio, pass a life of philosophical urbanity? No! he there confines his society to high-born and high-thoughted associates; he does not know the middling order of the people; he shuts himself up from those machines which he has unsuccessfully set in motion, and becomes an apostate from the very idols which he himself created.

An ARISTOCRATIC DEMOCRAT does not suffer his wife or daughters, or any of the female branches of his family, to associate with women of inferior rank. He professes an enthusiastic adoration for talents, but he has scarcely a man of letters in the long catalogue of his intimate connexions. It is true he permits the indigent author to dedicate his works to him, and fancies himself the Mæcenas of the age; but he expects to see his own portrait drawn with the most flattering panegyric, and repays the sacrifice which necessity, or the deceiver, hope, exacts from suffering genius, by a letter of ceremonious thanks, or a pecuniary acknowledgment, conveyed with all the unfeeling frigidity of practised ostentation!

The nobility of England, of late years, both male and female, evince their consciousness of the inferiority which is attached to birth, when placed in comparison with talents, by their frequent attempts in the paths of literature. The late lord Orford was one of the first to set this honourable example, which has been followed by many persons, whom *he* would denominate NOBLE AUTHORS. The earl of Carlisle has written and printed a tragedy; the duchess of Devonshire has published some very pleasing poetical compositions; and the witty collection of Probationary Odes, which made their appearance some years since, contained the playful and excellent productions of persons, whose names deserve honourable mention in a more distinguished page than that of a Court Calendar. Lady Manners has also published a volume of pretty verses; and to the lively pen of lady Wallace * the town has frequently been indebted for amusement. Though impartial criticism cannot place these productions in the very highest ranks of literature, they still demand the meed of praise, because they are the offspring of an honourable emulation.

It is singular, that in an age when literature and the arts are so generally cultivated, when books are known to enlighten all classes of the people, authors of acknowledged celebrity should so rarely mingle with the *soi-disant* patrons of the muses. The cabinets of our statesmen are closed against the aristocracy of genius; the habitations of our nobles are also unfrequented by artists of every description, excepting when they are daily employed in the labours of their profession. Even in public they are seldom acknowledged; and if by chance they are recognized, it is by a nod of condescension, which mortifies and degrades the person whom it ostentatiously aims to distinguish.

Books present the abstracts of the mind. The author breathes in his works, lives in their spirit, and is immortalized by their reputation. The exalted orders of the community read, approve, admire; the

* Sister to the duchess of Gordon.

production of the brain is extolled and cherished; but the heart of the writer often is a prey to poverty and sorrow. It is acknowledged that men of letters are the ornaments of society; yet how rarely are they to be seen in the circles of patronage, in the habitations of splendour .... Men as well as women of talents are shut out from the abodes of the high-born, and rather avoided than courted by the powerfully wealthy. In all the gaudy scenes of festivity which annually are exhibited in the metropolis, how few, how very few, persons of acknowledged literary fame are to be met with! England may enumerate, at the present æra, a phalanx of enlightened women, such as no other nation ever boasted. Their writings adorn the literature of the country; they are its ornaments, as they ought to be its pride! But they are neglected, unsought, alienated from society, and secluded in the abodes of study, or condemned to mingle with the vulgar. For even among themselves there appears no sympathetic association of soul, no genuine impulse of affection, originating in congeniality of mind. Each is ardent in the pursuit of fame, and every new honour which is bestowed on a sister votary, is deemed a partial privation of what she considers as her exclusive birth-right. How much is genius deceived, when it seeks this single, this unconnected species of gratification! How powerful might such a phalanx become, were it to act in union of sentiment, and sympathy of feeling; and, by a participation of public fame, secure, to the end of time, the admiration of posterity!

It is not only the custom of the present day to exclude men and women of letters from the society of the high-born; that tyrannical species of oppression is also extended to painters, actors, actresses, and the most distinguished ornaments of science. The pictures of our most celebrated masters are purchased at an inordinate price, and considered as the embellishments of our most magnificent mansions. But the painter is unknown, excepting in his works! The actor*, or the actress, is applauded in public, but, in private, they are seldom honoured by the most trivial mark of approbation. Our nobles make music their study; some of them are tolerable performers; they dedicate whole years to the acquirement of a moderate degree of skill; while their masters, who have attained the utmost altitude of perfection, are considered as unworthy of their friendship and society.

These miserable discriminations are the offspring of the present age; the monsters of this island. In France, even in the days of despotism, genius was deemed the ornament of courts, and men as well as women of letters were honoured with the most brilliant distinctions. Versailles had its female constellations; and, though the brilliant sallies of wit predominated in the scale of popularity, the genuine splendour of literature was looked up to, and worshipped with unbounded adoration.

Among the many nuisances which disgrace the metropolis, there is not perhaps one which excites more horror than the frequency of public executions. The numbers of unhappy culprits that annually forfeit their existence, by a violation of the laws, afford sufficient proofs that an ignominious death is no longer our safeguard. Six, eight, and ten criminals, executed in the public street, even in the heart of the metropolis, in the broad light of day, before the eyes of the multitude, now, the scene become familiar by repetition, scarcely excites emotion. The populace rather consider the new drop as a *raree-show*, than as the fatal instrument of termination to all earthly offences. Still more odious to the reflecting mind is the gibbet, which disgraces our most public roads. In a polished nation, in the very sight of the humane and phi-

* With the exceptions of sir Joshua Reynolds and Garrick.

lanthropic traveller, a filthy offensive example of public justice is displayed, at the expence of public decency! The robberies frequently committed within sight of these hideous scarecrows, sufficiently prove that they harden, more than they deter, the thief; while, by exciting the attention of the traveller, they render him less guarded against the peril that awaits him.

A certain species of refinement seems now to pervade the various classes of the community. From the stall of the *poissarde* to the *boudoir* of the duchess, the tea-table is the magic circle of busy conversation. The nourishing diet which tended to promote the hardihood of our ancestors, is nearly exploded in the haunts of honest industry, while the enervating plant composes the beverage of men, women, and children. Time is also taught to display a change of his ancient occupation; and domestics are now sleeping, at the west end of the metropolis, at an hour when the courtiers of the eighth Harry were preparing for the noon-day dinner. Novels are also universally read; the female apprentice longs for the hour of shutting shop, that she may indulge her fond imagination in the melting pages of a love-fraught tale, or teach her sensitive heart to palpitate with terror at the mysterious horrors of romantic improbability.

Refinement is also visible in the exterior ornaments of all ranks of people. Veils and parasols are universally adopted, even where the wearers, in other respects, are inelegantly dressed: for the same reason, opera glasses, and even spectacles, are used by the clearest-sighted. Carriages are hung on springs, which prevent the advantages of wholesome exercise; sedan chairs convey the buxom woman of fashion through the fatiguing *routine* of morning visits; and, in some great families, annual sums are allowed to the male domestics, for the exclusive provision of powder, perfumes, hair bags, *bouquets*, and silk stockings!

The same species of eccentricity governs the household decorations. Sofas of down, pillows of perfume, artificial festoons of flowers, iced wines, and fruits out of season, mark the encroachments of elegant luxury. Yet it is to be admired, that the bed-furniture of our most splendid mansions is chiefly composed of cotton: which, in a metropolis like that of England, cannot but be conducive both to cleanliness and to comfort. The velvet canopies of our ancestors were the repositories of dust, as well as the nurseries of obnoxious vermin; and the use of worsted hangings, among the lower classes, unquestionably, by harbouring such nuisances, promotes the contagion of diseases, while it forms an apology both for filth and idleness.

The French and even the Italian languages are now spoken, almost universally, by our men and women of polished education. The great number of emigrants, who have become our inmates since the French revolution, have contributed to this wide circulation of knowledge..... Some of the best translations from the German have been the productions of female pens. The Misses Plumptre, Mrs. Inchbald, and several others, have imported new exotics from the prolific *parterre* of German extraction; while the laurels of Gallic literature have been fairly and honourably divided round the brows of Madame de Genlis and Miss Gunning.

Translations of acknowledged superiority have also embellished our libraries, from the pens of Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Holcroft, and Mr. Marshall*; to the last mentioned gentleman may also be assigned a liberal portion of that eulogy, which truth should never fail to bestow on enlightened and genuine philanthropy.

While we applaud the liberal patronage which England has bestowed on foreign compositions, we can

* The translator of Herman of Unna, and many other celebrated German works.

scarcely forgive the neglect which has been evinced towards the memory of deceased English authors. Gibbon, Mason, and Cooper have passed from a life of celebrity to a neglected grave! No *public* marks of veneration, no *national* tribute of esteem has graced their memory! The monumental tablet, placed by the hand, and bedewed by the tears, of friendship, points out the tomb of Mrs. Wollstonecraft Godwin; yet illiberal malice and unmanly abuse has disgraced the pages of literature, while it failed to sully the treasures of mental splendour, which this illustrious woman has bequeathed to posterity.

The various occupations assigned to the different sexes, in the metropolis, are now so preposterously absurd, that a reformation is become absolutely necessary. It is no uncommon thing to see men employed in the most effeminate branches of art and commerce: the artificial florist and the man-millener are the most conspicuous in this class of innovators. Who that has feeling can endure the sight of young and artless females, employed at all seasons, and in all weathers, to carry the band-box from morning till night, exposed to the insolence of street libertines, and the perils of vicious example displayed by their abandoned associates, while, with unwet feet, the perfumed coxcomb measures the riband at home, or folds the gauze, as he lisps fine phrases to females of distinction! Even in our domestic establishments, the powdered lacquey wastes his day in idleness, swings with listless pampered ease behind the gaudy vehicle, or waits in the halls of ceremony to usher in the morning visitor, while the laborious female is employed in washing, scrubbing, and other domestic toil! How is man degenerated! How much superior are the women of Britain, at this period, to the effeminized race of modern *petit-maitres!*

The architecture of this country has been gradually improving during the last sixty years. The heavy fabrics of brick work, the uniform square mass of building, which were admired in the days of William and Mary, and which had succeeded the uncouth structures that braved both time and proportion since the reign of Elizabeth, now yield to the more light and finished elegance of Italian models. The introduction of Portland stone has tended very considerably to improve the beauty of English architecture; while the balcony window, the Venetian gallery, by admitting a larger body of air into the apartments, greatly contribute to the health of those who inhabit the metropolis.

Dress has also been considerably improved, by our intercourse with foreign nations. The women of this country now adopt a species of decoration at once easy and graceful. Nature seems to resume her empire, while art is hourly declining. The deformities of stiffened stays, high heels, powder, whalebone petticoats, and unmeaning flounces of many coloured frippery, now yield to the simple elegance of cambric and muslin drapery: thus health is preserved by an unconstrained motion of the body; and beauty is ascertained by the unequivocal testimonies of symmetry and nature.

The females of England are considerably indebted to our most celebrated actresses for the revolution in dress. Accustomed of late years to behold the *costume* of various nations gracefully displayed at our theatres, women of rank, who lead the capricious idol FASHION, thro' all the mazes of polite society, speedily adopted what they considered as advantageous to beauty..... The Turkish robe, the Grecian drapery, the simplicity of the French peasant, and the natural graces of English symmetry, speedily united in presenting the most attractive models of dignity and taste. To the elegant attitudes of lady Hamilton the female world is also considerably indebted. The form of this lady is not peculiarly gifted with loveliness, though she is unquestionably a charming woman; but she

has made the motion of the human frame her study; and from her example the women of the present day in Italy and France, as well as in England, have been observed to acquire an easy elegance of manner, which was so finely imagined, in the portraits of sir Peter Lely, and our modern Apelles, sir Joshua Reynolds.

Of our public *spectacles* I have already taken a retrospect. But the oratorio has not yet been the subject of animadversion. This harmonic meeting, at a season when it is calculated to inspire a kind of religious enthusiasm, should not be intermingled with compositions of a less serious nature. The performance of Dryden's ode has ever been a violation of propriety. The triumphs of love and wine, the praise of Bacchus, the feats of Thais, are rendered ludicrous when introduced among the most sacred subjects..... However exquisite this ode may be in the opinion of literary judges, it has unquestionably no claim to religious veneration. Why then is it permitted to form a part of sacred harmony? An oratorio is calculated to soothe the imagination; to inspire, to awaken a holy zeal, a fervour of devotion. How then must reason turn disgusted from those passages in the Ode to St. Cecilia, which are scarcely decent; and unquestionably tending to the absurd superstition of the heathen mythology.

There never were so many monthly and diurnal publications as at the present period; and to the perpetual novelty which issues from the press may, in a great measure, be attributed the expansion of mind, which daily evinces itself among all classes of the people. The monthly miscellanies are read by the middling orders of society, by the *literati*, and sometimes by the loftiest of our nobility. The daily prints fall into the hands of all classes; they display the temper of the times, the intricacies of political manœuvre, the opinions of the learned, the enlightened, and the patriotic.... But for the medium of a diurnal paper, the letters of Junius had been unknown, or perhaps never written. Political controversy and literary discussions are only rendered of utility to mankind by the spirit of emulative contention. The press is the mirror where folly may see its own likeness, and vice contemplate the magnitude of its deformity. It also presents a tablet of manners; a transcript of the temper of mankind; a check on the gigantic strides of innovation; and a bulwark which REASON has raised, and, it is to be hoped, TIME will consecrate, round the altar of immortal LIBERTY!

There is nothing of more importance to the rising generation, than the method of inculcating the early rudiments of education. Public schools have been found of considerable advantage in forming early and honourable connections, and they are unquestionably far preferable to private tutors. The most distinguished seminaries are those of Eton and Westminster; and some of our most enlightened statesmen, orators, and literary as well as professional characters, have been the students of these celebrated colleges. Yet, by the absurd custom of taking school-boys from their half-finished scholastic labours, to place them in the ranks of military prowess, we often behold the stripling towering over the head of the veteran soldier; and the scented powder which floats round the soft features of a noble youth, scarcely arrived at the age of manhood, mocking the scars of the untitled hero, whom he was destined to command, though not to imitate!

The frequency of divorces unquestionably tends to the contamination of morals; but these public examples are still less pernicious than the open and avowed indifference, the undisguised infidelities, which are daily witnessed in the fashionable world. Example is the sunshine or the poison of domestic life: and when we see the most polished women, the most enlightened

men, assiduously pursuing a systematic plan of mutual seduction; when we behold females of known intrigue, and professors of notorious libertinism, received and sanctioned in the *very highest* circles; is it a matter of astonishment that the middling classes of society are only one degree less vicious? It is true that we have many literary characters, who employ their pens in the cause of moral virtue; but they only excite a smile of ridicule, when they are daily seen in the society of those law-breakers, who are the subjects of their execration! The nobility, at least two-thirds of them, abhor French principles, yet they employ not only French domestics, but French governesses and preceptors, for the education of their sons and daughters! Actuated by the same spirit of contradiction, we daily contemplate men who assume the title of philanthropists, though their own relations are in want of bread. We see voluntary contributions, printed in conspicuous characters, from wealthy hypocrites, while they withhold the smallest aid from the uncomplaining children of adversity; and we meet the venerable dowager quitting the altar of the Divinity on a sabbath morning, while she calculates the chances of the evening in the mysteries of a gaming table!

Among the liberal, the enlightened, and the unaffectedly pious, truth must record the name of the dowager countess Spencer. Of the patronesses of literature and the arts, her all-accomplished daughters, the duchess of Devonshire, and the countess of Besborough, unite their names with those of the marchioness of Hertford and many others of our female nobility. To the improvement of taste and the increase of emulation, the world must bear testimony in the sculpture of Mrs. Damer. In those inventive powers which produce new wonders in the labours of ingenuity, honourable mention must be made of Miss Linwood's genius. Of singular mechanism, many public exhibitions present specimens that astonish the beholder; while the extensive warehouses of the metropolis display the perfection, as well as the boundless variety, of British manufactures.

The streets of London are better paved and better lighted than those of any metropolis in Europe: we have fewer street robberies, and scarcely ever a midnight assassination. This last circumstance is owing to the benevolent spirit of the people; for whatever crimes the lowest orders of society are tempted to commit, those of a sanguinary nature are less frequent here than they are in any other country. Yet it is singular, where the police is so ably regulated, that the watchmen, our guardians of the night, are generally old decrepit men, who have scarcely strength to use the alarum which is their signal of distress, in cases of emergency. It does credit, however, to the morals of the people, and to the national spirit, which evinces that the brave are always benevolent, when we reflect that at a period when all kingdoms have exhibited the horrors of massacre, and the outrages of anarchy, when blood has contaminated the standard of liberty, and defaced the long established laws of nations, while it sapped and overwhelmed the altars of religions, this island has presented the throne of reason, placed on the fostering soil of GENIUS, VALOUR, and PHILANTHROPY!

A CASE OF PERSONAL SIMILITUDE IN A TRIAL FOR BIGAMY, AT NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1804.

THE prisoner was indicted for that he Thomas Hoag, late of Haverstraw, in the county of Rockland, labourer, otherwise Joseph Parker, now of New York, cartman, on the 8th of May, 1789, at New York, was lawfully married to Susan Faesch, afterwards, on the 25th day of December, 1800, at the county of Rockland, his said wife being then in full life, feloniously did marry one Catharine Secor, &c.

To this the prisoner pleaded *not guilty.*

The testimony in the cause was as follows:....The first marriage was admitted by the counsel for the prisoner, to be as stated in the indictment, and that the wife was still alive.

For the prosecution.

Benjamin Coe testified....That he was one of the judges of the court of common pleas, in the county of Rockland....that he well knew the prisoner at the bar; that he came to Rockland in the beginning of September, in the year 1800, and there passed by the name of Thomas Hoag; that there was a person with him who passed for his brother, but between those two persons there was no sort of resemblance; that the prisoner worked for the witness about a month, during which time he eat daily at witness's table, and he of course saw him daily....that on the 25th of December, 1800, witness married the prisoner to one Catharine Secor; that witness is confident of the time, because he recollected that on that very day one of his own children was christened....that during all the time prisoner remained in Rockland county, witness saw him continually; he was therefore as much satisfied that prisoner was Thomas Hoag, as that he himself was Benjamin Coe.

John Knapp testified, that he knew the prisoner in 1800 and 1801, he was then in Rockland county, and passed by the name of Thomas Hoag, and that he saw him constantly for five months during the time the prisoner was at Rockland; that he was at prisoner's wedding; *that Hoag had a scar under his foot;* the way that witness knew it was, witness and Hoag were leaping together, and witness outleaping Hoag ....upon which Hoag remarked, that he could not leap as well now as he formerly could, before he received a wound on his foot by treading on a drawing knife....that Hoag then pulled off his shoe and showed witness the scar under his foot, occasioned by that wound; the scar was very perceptible....witness was confident prisoner at the bar was Thomas Hoag.

Catharine Conklin (*formerly Catharine Secor, but since married to one Conklin*) testified, that she became acquainted with prisoner in the beginning of Sept. 1800, when he came to Rockland; he then passed by the name of Thomas Hoag.... that witness saw him constantly.... that prisoner, shortly after their acquaintance, paid his addresses to her, and finally, on the 25th December, married her; that he lived with her till the latter end of March, 1801, when he left her; that she did not see him again until two years after ....that on the morning of his leaving her, he appeared desirous of communicating something of importance to her, but was dissuaded from it by a person who was with him, and who passed for his brother....that Hoag, until his departure, was a kind, attentive, and affectionate husband....that she was as well convinced as she could possibly be of any thing in this world, that the prisoner at the bar was the person who married her by the name of Thomas Hoag....that she then thought him, and still thinks him, the handsomest man she ever saw. (Here prosecutor rested the cause.)

DEFENCE.

Witness for Prisoner.

Joseph Chadwick testified, that he had been acquainted with the prisoner, Joseph Parker, a number of years; that witness resides in this city, is a rigger by trade....that prisoner worked in the employ of the witness a considerable time, as a rigger....that prisoner began to work for witness in September, 1799, and continued to work for him until the the spring of 1801....that during that period he saw him constantly....that it appeared from witness's books, that Parker received money from witness for work which he had performed, on the following days, viz. on the 6th of October, and 6th

and 13th of December, 1800; on the 9th, 16th, and 28th of February, and 11th March, 1801...that Parker lived from May, 1800, till some time in April, 1801, in a house in this city, belonging to capt. Pelor....that during that period, and since, witness had been well acquainted with prisoner.

Isaac Ryckman testified, that he was an inhabitant of this city; that he was well acquainted with Joseph Parker, the prisoner at the bar, and had known him a number of years; that witness and Parker were jointly engaged, in the latter end of the year 1800, in loading a vessel for a capt. Tredwell, of this place; that they began to work on the 20th day of December, 1800, and were employed the greater part of the month of January, 1801, in the loading of the vessel; that during that time the witness and Parker worked together daily; that witness well recollected that they worked together on the 25th day of December, 1800; he remembered it because he never worked on a Christmas day before nor since; he knew it was in the year 1800, because he knew that Parker lived that year in a house belonging to capt. Pelor, and he remembered their borrowing a screw, for the purpose of packing cotton into the hold of the vessel they were at work at, from a Mrs. Mitchell, who lived next door to Parker; that witness was one of the city watch, and that Parker was also at that time upon the watch; and witness had served with him from that time to the present day upon the watch, and never recollected missing him any time during that period from the city.

Aspinwall Cornwall testified, that he lived in Rutger-street, and had lived there a number of years; that he kept a grocery store: that he knew Parker, the prisoner at the bar, in 1800 and 1801; that Parker then lived in capt. Pelor's house; that he only lived one year in Pelor's house; that Parker while he lived there traded with witness; that witness recollected once missing Parker for a week, and inquiring, found he had been at Staten Island, at work on board one of the United States' frigates; that, excepting that time, he never knew him to be absent from his family, but saw him constantly.

Elizabeth Mitchell testified, that she knew Parker, the prisoner at the bar, well; that in the year 1800 and 1801, Parker lived in a house adjoining to one in which the witness lived; that the house Parker lived in belonged to capt. Pelor; that witness was in habits of intimacy with Parker's family, and visited them constantly; that Parker being one of the city watch, she used to hear him rap with his stick at the door to waken his family, upon his return from the watch in the morning; that she also remembered perfectly well Parker's borrowing a screw from her on Christmas day, in 1800; she offered him some spirits to drink, but he preferred a glass of wine, which she got for him: the circumstance of her lending the screw to him she was the more positive of, from recollecting also, that it was broken by Parker in using it; that Parker never lived more than one year in capt. Pelor's house, and from that time to the present day, witness had been on the same terms of intimacy with Parker's family. She therefore considered it as almost impossible that Parker could have been absent from town any time without her knowing it, and she never knew him to be absent more than one week while he lived at Pelor's house.

James Redding testified, that he had lived in the city a number of years; that he had known Parker, the prisoner at the bar, from his infancy; that Parker was born at Roe, in Westchester county; that Parker in the year 1800 lived in capt. Pelor's house; that witness saw him then continually, and never knew him during that time to be absent from town any length of time; that witness particularly remembered, that while Parker lived in capt. Pelor's house, witness, some

time in the beginning of the month of January, 1801, assisted Parker in killing a hog.

Lewis Osborn testified, that he had been acquainted with Parker, the prisoner at the bar, for the last four years; that witness had been one of the city watch; that from June, 1800, to May, 1801, Parker served upon the watch with witness; that at first Parker served as a substitute, that is, one who, in case of the absence of a regular watchman, supplies his place; that witness remembered that Parker, a few days after Christmas, in 1800, was placed upon the roll of the regular watch, in the place of one Ransom, who was taken sick; witness was certain it was in the period above-mentioned, because that is the only time witness ever served upon the watch: that during the above period witness and Parker were stationed together while on the watch at the same post: witness was certain that Parker, the prisoner at the bar, was the person with whom he had served upon the watch, and was confident, that during that time, Parker was never absent from the watch more than a week at a time. (The prisoner's counsel here rested his defence.)

Testimony on behalf of the prosecution continued.

Moses Anderson testified, that he had lived at Haverstraw, Rockland county; that he had lived there since the year 1791; that he knew the prisoner at the bar well; that he came to the house of witness in the beginning of September, 1800; that he then passed by the name of Thomas Hoag; that he worked for the witness 8 or 10 days; that from that time till the 25th of December prisoner passed almost every Sunday at witness's house; that during prisoner's stay at Rockland county, witness saw him constantly; that if the prisoner was the person alluded to, he had a scar on his forehead, which he told witness was occasioned by the kick of a horse; he had also a small mark on his neck (those marks the prisoner had), he had also a *scar under his foot, between his heel and the ball of the foot*, occasioned, as he told witness, by treading upon a drawing knife; that *that scar was easy to be seen;* that his speech was remarkable, his voice being effeminate; that he spoke quick and lisped a little (those peculiarities were observable in prisoner's speech); that prisoner supped at witness's house the night of his marriage, in December, 1800; that witness had not seen prisoner until this day, since prisoner left Rockland, which was between three and four years ago; that witness was perfectly satisfied in his own mind, that prisoner was Thomas Hoag.

Lavinia Anderson testified, that she knew the prisoner at the bar; his name was Thomas Hoag; that in September, 1800, he came to witness's house, in Rockland county, and worked for her husband eight or ten days, then worked for judge Suffrein; every Saturday night, until the prisoner was married, he and a person who passed for his brother came to witness's house, and staid till Monday morning; that witness washed for him; there was no mark upon his linen; that prisoner, if he is Thomas Hoag, has a scar upon his forehead; he has also one under his foot; was certain of the mark under his foot, because she recollected that the person who passed as his brother, having cut himself severely with a scythe, and complaining very much of the pain, Thomas Hoag told him he had been much worse wounded, and then showed the scar under his foot.

Witness also testified, that about a year ago, after a suit had been brought in the justices' court of this city, wherein the identity of the prisoner's person came in question, witness was in town, and having heard a great deal said on the subject, she was determined to see him and judge for herself; that accordingly she went to the prisoner's house, but he was not at home; she then went to the place where she was in-

formed he stood with his cart; that she there saw him lying on his cart, with his head on his hand; that in that situation she instantly knew him; that she spoke to him; when he answered her, she immediately recognized his voice; that it was very singular, shrill, thick, hurried, and something of a lisp; that Hoag had also a habit of shrugging up his shoulders when he spoke, this she also observed in prisoner; that prisoner said he had been told she was coming to see him, and it was surprising people could be so deceived, and asked witness if she thought he was the man; witness said she thought he was, but would be more certain if she looked at his forehead; she accordingly lifted up his hat, and saw the scar upon his forehead, which she had often before seen; that prisoner then told her it was occasioned by the kick of a horse; witness added it was impossible that she could be mistaken; prisoner was Thomas Hoag.

Margaret Secor testified, that about four years ago she lived at Rockland, with her father, Moses Anderson; that the prisoner at the bar, Thomas Hoag, came to their house in September, 1800; that he remained in Rockland five or six months; that he had a scar on his forehead; that he used to come every Saturday night to her father's to pass Sunday with them; that she used to comb and tie his hair every Sunday, and thus saw the scar; that witness married about two years ago, and came immediately to live in this city; that after she had been in town a fortnight, she was one day standing at her door, and she heard a cartman speaking to his horse; that she immediatly recognized the voice to be that of Thomas Hoag, and upon looking at him saw the prisoner at the bar, and instantly knew him; that as he passed her he smiled and said, how d'ye do, cousin; that the next day he came to her house and asked her how she knew he was the man; witness replied she could tell better if he would let her look at his head; that accordingly she looked, and saw a scar upon his forehead, which she had often remarked upon the head of Hoag; witness admitted she had mentioned her suspicions to her husband, and her husband had told prisoner of it, and had brought him to the house; witness added, she was confident prisoner was the person who passed at Rockland as Thomas Hoag.

James Secor testified, that he had been married about two years and a half, that he brought his wife to town about a week after his marriage; that he knew Hoag in Rockland, and had repeatedly seen him there; when he saw prisoner at his house in town, thought him to be the same person; witness' wife had mentioned to him that Hoag had a remarkable scar on his forehead, and when prisoner was at witness' house, he saw on his head the scar his wife had described.

Nicholas W. Conkle testified, that he lived in Rockland county; that he knew the prisoner at the bar; that his name was Thomas Hoag; that he could not be mistaken in the person; that Hoag had worked a considerable time for him; that during that time he had eaten at witness' table; that Hoag being a stranger, and witness understanding he was paying his addresses to Catharine Secor, witness took a good deal of notice of him; thought him a clever fellow; saw a great deal of him; lived in a house belonging to witness; when witness saw prisoner at this place he knew him instantly, his gait, his smile (which is a very peculiar one), his very look was that of Thomas Hoag; witness endeavoured, but in vain, to find some difference in appearance between prisoner and Hoag; he was satisfied in his mind that he is the same person; Hoag he thought was about twenty-three or thirty years of age; he thought Hoag had a small scar on his neck.

Michael Burke testified, that he lived in Catharine-street, that he formerly lived in Haverstraw; that he saw prisoner several times at Haverstraw before and after his

marriage in December, 1800; that he was as well satisfied as he could be of any that prisoner was the same person he knew in Haverstraw; that about two years ago he met prisoner in the Bowery, it was at the time of the Harlaem races; prisoner spoke to witness, said, am I not a relation of yours? witness replied, I don't know; prisoner said, I am, I married Caty Secor. Upon cross examination witness admitted that he and prisoner had had a quarrel respecting witness calling prisoner Tom Hoag; that the above conversation was after the trial in the justices' court, and witness when asked if he was at the trial, said he was not; though when interrogated particularly, whether he was not in the court room at the time, admitted that he was.

Samuel Smith was called merely as to the character of one of the witnesses on the part of the prosecution, a Mr. Knapp, and testified that he bore an unexceptionable character.

Abraham Wendell testified, that he knew one Thomas Hoag, in the latter end of the year 1800; he was at Haverstraw, that he had been very intimate with him, and knew him as well as he knew any man; that he had worked with him, that he had breakfasted, dined, and supped with him, and many a time had been at frolics with him; and that prisoner at the bar was the same man; that he had no doubt whatever about it; that about a year ago witness being in this city, was told by some persons, that Hoag had beat the Haverstraw folks in an action, wherein his identity had come in question; that witness told them he could know him with certainty; that they said, they would send him down to him that day; that witness was aboard his sloop, saw prisoner at the distance of 100 yards, coming down the street, and instantly knew him; prisoner came up to him; and said immediately, Mr. Wendell, I am told you say you will know me; witness replied, so I do; you are Thomas Hoag; that witness was as confident prisoner is the person, as he was of his own existence.

Sarah Conklin testified, that she lives in Haverstraw, that in December, 1800, a person calling himself Thomas Hoag was at witness' house, was very intimate there, used to call her aunt; is sure prisoner is the person; never can believe two persons could look so much alike; Hoag and prisoner talk, laugh, and look alike; would know Hoag from among a hundred people by his voice; prisoner must be Thomas Hoag; had not seen prisoner since he left Haverstraw till to-day.

Gabriel Conklin testified, that he lived in Haverstraw, that he knew Thomas Hoag; that he was at witness' house in September, 1800, and often there can be two persons so much alike as not to be distinguished from each other; prisoner must be Thomas Hoag; Thomas Hoag had a scar on his forehead, and a small scar just above his lip. *Prisoner had these marks.*

Further testimony in behalf of the prisoner.

James Juquar testified, that he had known Joseph Parker, the prisoner at the bar, for seven years past; that he had been intimate with him all that time; that they both worked together as riggers until Parker became a cartman; knew Parker when he lived in captain Pelor's house; never knew him absent from the city during that time for a day, excepting when he was working on board of one of the United States' frigates about a week at Staten Island. In the year 1799, prisoner hurt himself on board the Adams frigate, and he then went to his father's in Westchester county, and was absent near a month; he was very ill when he left town; witness went with him and brought him back again; he was not quite recovered; recollects perfectly Parker and some other company passing Christmas eve at witness' house, the year that Parker lived in captain Pelor's house, which was in 1800.

Susannah Wannel testified, that she had known prisoner for six years past, that he married witness' daughter, knew him when he lived in captain Pelor's house, Parker's wife was then ill, and witness had occasion frequently to visit her; saw prisoner there and almost daily; prisoner, excepting the time when he was first sick and went to his father's in Westchester, has never been absent from the city more than a week since his marriage with witness' daughter.

It was agreed between the attorney general and the counsel for prisoner, that the prisoner should exhibit his foot to the jury, in order that they might see whether there was *that scar* which had been spoken of in such positive terms by several of the witnesses on the part of the people.

Upon exhibiting his feet, not the least mark or scar could be seen upon either of them.

In further confirmation of prisoner's innocence, there was then produced on his behalf,

Magnus Beckman, who testified, that he was captain of the city watch of the second district, that he was well acquainted with the prisoner, Joseph Parker, that he, Parker, had been for many years a watchman, and had done duty constantly upon the watch, that witness upon recurring to his books, where he keeps a register of the watchmen and of their times of service, found that prisoner, Joseph Parker, was regularly upon duty as a watchman, during the months of October, November, and December, 1800, and of January and February, 1801, and particularly that he was upon duty the *26th of December*, 1800.

The jury, without retiring from the bar, found a verdict of *not guilty*.

ON ALLITERATION IN VERSE.

By Miss Seward.

ALLITERATION is an edge tool in the poet's hand, improving or injuring his verse, as it is judiciously or injudiciously used. Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Spenser, Milton, and all the best poets, have employed it to admirable effect; and to admirable effect has Dr. Darwin frequently employed it. It often increases, and sometimes entirely constitutes, that power which, by a metaphoric expression that literal terms would neither so concisely nor so well explain, is called *picturesque sound*. To increase the harmony of verse, alliteration must be with the vowels, the liquid letter *l*, or by the sonorous letters *m* and *n*, and even with them its too frequent use in a poem, or too lavish repetition in a single line or couplet, will injure what it is designed to improve. Dryden, in his noble Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, has alliterated with the hissing *s*, in two lines, which he meant should be peculiarly musical: thus,

Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.

A foreign ear would not endure the lines, which, however lively, are certainly not tender, not harmonious; yet the *s*, and all the harsher consonants, are capable of producing, by skilful application, that "echo of sound to sense," which is so eminently desirable in poetry. When Milton observes in the Paradise Lost,

So talk'd the spirited sly snake,

the line attains, solely by alliteration, the perfect hiss of the serpent; and Pope, in his Homer, by a masterly intermixture of the vowels and the sonorous consonants with his alliteration of the letter *s*, has nobly conveyed to our ear the peculiar noise of the ocean-wave when they are loud on the beach: thus,

Silent he wander'd by the sounding main.

The murmur of a calm sea has been well expressed by the alliteration of the following line:

Slow on the damp and shelly shore she
stray'd.

There is somewhere a line, in which a poetaster, mentioning the violet, says,

Where blue it blooms with balmy breath.

He thought he had hammered out an immensely fine verse, though in fact it is to the ear no whit more agreeable than,

Three blue beans in one blue bladder.

The letters *b* and *p* make miserable alliteration. Milton has used the harsh letter *r*, to very fine effect in the following lines:

Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that
parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian
shore.

Dr. Beattie, in his charming Minstrel, has so used alliteration as to produce two of the most harmonious verses in our language.

Young Edwin, lighted by the evening
star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down
the vale.

I have thus made some remarks on the use or abuse of that habit of style, which strengthens or enfeebles, adorns or misbecomes the verse, as the good or bad taste of the writer shall direct its application. Churchill has ridiculed alliteration in a line of singular felicity, for an unworthy purpose, a satirical passage on the beautiful poetry of Mason: thus,

.....I, who never pray'd
For apt alliteration's artful aid.

But the ridicule intended for the sweet swan of the Humber, falls equally on the elder classics of Greece, Rome, and England.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

TO the picture of the lychnis, in the Botanic Garden, succeeds that of gloriosa superba, with her successive train of lovers, the second number rising to maturity when the first perish. This libertine lady of the groves introduces the story of the celebrated female voluptuary, in the reign of Louis XIV, Ninon de L'Enclos, whose beauty and graces are recorded to have been triumphant over the power of Time. The story of that passion, so terrible in its consequences, with which she unintentionally inspired her natural son by lord Jersey, of England, is finely told in this part; that son, totally unconscious of his birth and fatal nearness of blood to the charming Madam de L'Enclos! In the first edition of the Loves of the Plants, this extraordinary woman received both personal and mental injustice from the prelude to that story. She is there represented by the poet as wrinkled, grey, and paralytic; circumstances imcompatible with the possibility of the attachment, and contrary to the representation of her biographers. Upon their testimony we learn that Ninon retained a large portion of her personal beauty and graces to an almost incredible period; that it was considerable enough to procure her young lovers at the age of eighty, whose passion for her, however inconceivable, could not be interested, as she was not rich, and much too delicate in her sentiments to purchase the attention of the other sex.

When her son by lord Jersey was a young officer about court, known to her but unknown to himself, Madam de L'Enclos was scarcely forty years old, a period at which a very captivating degree of beauty and grace is sometimes found in the female sex. Of their existence at a considerably later period, the English fashionable circles, at this hour, exhibit some remarkable instances.

In the first edition of this poem what is here *fatal* smiles was *harlot* smiles, an epithet most injurious to

Madam de L'Enclos. Her attentions to her son, however affectionate, must have been purely maternal, though so deplorable in their consequences. The declaration by which she repulses his impious suit, entirely acquits her of the least design to inspire him with passion. Dr. Darwin was influenced by the author of this memoir, to rescue the form of Ninon from the unreal decrepitude he had imputed to it, and her principles from such unnatural excess of depravity.

If we may credit her historians, Ninon was an exception to a maxim of the duke de Rochefoucault, which has perhaps very few exceptions, viz. "Generally speaking, the least fault of an unchaste woman, is her unchastity." Considering this remark as an axiom, the reason probably is, that chastity being the point of honour, as well as of virtue in women, its violation has a strong tendency to ingraft deceit and malignity upon the secret consciousness of self-abasement; a consciousness more fatal to the existence of other good qualities than voluptuousness itself; a consciousness too likely to produce hatred and envy towards people of spotless reputation, together with a desire to reduce others to their own unfortunate level. The great moralist of the Old Testament says, "There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman;" not because the weaker sex are naturally more depraved, but from the improbability that a fallen female should ever, even upon the sincerest repentance, regain the esteem and confidence of society, while it pardons a male libertine the instant he seems disposed to forsake his vice, and too often during its full career.

But the fault of Madam de L'Enclos was single, and surrounded by solid virtues. Truth, sincerity, disinterested friendship, economy, generosity, and strict pecuniary justice, marked her commerce with the world, and secured to her the friendship and countenance of the most eminent people of that epoch, both as to talents and character.

The rigid and pious Madam de Maintenon never ceased to be her avowed and intimate friend, as appears from a most interesting dialogue which passed between them after Maintenon became the wife of Louis XIV. It will be found in the memoirs of Madam de L'Enclos, which are elegantly translated from the French into our language, and were published by Dodsley, in 1761. It is a very brilliant and entertaining work.

ACCOUNT OF LIVING ITALIAN AUTHORS.

By Damiani.

XAVIER BETTINELLI takes the lead among the Italian poets of the present day. He is a venerable old man of the age of eighty. He is a native of Mantua, and was formerly a jesuit, and intimately connected with count Algarotti. The Italians consider him as the purest writer of his age. His works in prose are deservedly esteemed by the learned. His poetical works are also reckoned among the best Italian productions of this century. He has published three tragedies, together with some dramatic and fugitive pieces: the most esteemed, however, of his poesies are the blank verses *Versi Sciolti*, which were printed in conjunction with those of Frugoni and Algarotti.

Next to Bettinelli, the most esteemed writer is abbot Joseph Parini, a Milanese. This poet possesses the singular merit of having composed a whole poem in an ironical way: this is the famous *Il Mattino il Mezzogiorno e la Sera*, the object of which is to turn into ridicule the Milanese nobility. It was first printed at Milan, in 1767. The abbot Parini wrote afterwards some other pieces, which appeared in the periodical work called the *Poetical Year*, published at Venice, in 1793.

Mr. Calsabigi, imperial counsellor, lately dead, in his 80th year,

obtained a high reputation for his dramatic poem of *Alceste*, for a Dissertation on Dramatic Poetry, and for a number of fugitive pieces. His style, however, is extremely incorrect.

The abbot Casti, native of Montesiascone, in the ecclesiastical state, and successor to the famous Metastasio, in the court of Vienna, is now an old man, above 70. His Lyric Poems are *mediocre* productions; his Novels in Verse are much superior, yet abounding with obscenities.

Mr. Colpani, a nobleman, and a knight, is moreover an elegant poet. I am not able to say whether he is yet living. He has employed his muse very successfully on philosophical and political subjects, and excels chiefly in blank verse.

Mr. Bondi (Clement), perhaps still living, is celebrated for some burlesque, yet instructive poems, composed with taste. The poems *La Moda* and *L'Asinata* are the most esteemed.

Count Vittorio Alfieri, a Piedmontese, now in Florence, has acquired great reputation by his tragedies. He writes good Italian.

Abbot Zacchiroli obtained much celebrity, in 1774, by his juvenile poem *The Conclave*. It was a bold piece of satire, yet unequal and ill-written. Some years after, he published, at Naples, a didactic poem on *Inoculation*, in which are some fine strokes, in the genuine spirit of poetry. Latterly, his muse has been occupied in lyric fugitive pieces.

The abbot Burola (Aurelio di Giorgi), formerly a benedictine monk, is a native of Rimini. He wrote, at a very early age, some Anacreontics, which were considered as fine specimens of poetry, although deficient in style. He had also translated some poetical pieces from the German. His style afterwards became more correct, and his last lyric pieces are excellent.

The abbot Monti (Vincent), a Roman, holds a distinguished rank among the dramatic and lyric poets. His best tragedy is *Aristodemo*, and his best lyric composition *L'Entusiasmo Malinconico*.

Mr. Serio (D. Luigi), a famous advocate at Naples, is also the poet-laureate at that court. His first dramatic piece was the *Iphigenia in Aulide*. His greatest merit, however, consists in *improvvisate*, and he is, perhaps, the first in this kind in Italy.

Count Fantoni, a native of Sarzana, in Tuscany, about 36 years of age, is a great imitator of Horace, and has published many excellent odes. The celebrated Bodoni is about to publish a superb edition of his works, in 4 volumes.

The abbot Goddard (Louis), the present *Custode of Arcadia*, has published but few poetical works, yet has recited a great number in the public meetings of that society. He has also written a highly approved translation of Horace, which he is also about to publish.

Mr. Lamberti (Lewis), of Reggio, is well conversant in the ancient and modern languages, and has published an elegant translation of some idyls of *Theocritus*.

Count Lorenzi, a native of Verona, is a good poet, and a very great *improvvisatore*. Bettinelli, in his enthusiastic admiration of the fine arts, speaks of him in terms highly to his honour.

Mr. Mazza, a Parmesan, is admired as a poet for his nervous style, his happy choice of words, and the sublimity and novelty of his conceptions. His best work is *L'Armonia*.

Mr. Pindemonte, a Veronese, has composed some excellent lyric poems, and some other pieces, in *ottava rima*, taking Ariosto for his model.

Mr. Vannetti, of Roveredo, has written a small number of poems, among which are some translations of Horace. He has gained the applause of Bettinelli.

Mr. Baruffaldi excels in dithirambic poetry.

Mr. Gianni is a great *improvvisatore*. His poems are written with

energy, although his style be incorrect.

Count Calini, a Parmesan nobleman, has published a tragedy, entitled *Zelinda*, thought to be the most perfect dramatic poem which has appeared in Italy in this century.

Count Pepoli, a Bolognese senator, has also written a number of tragedies, which are in little repute from their bad versification.

An attentive observer of the vicissitudes of literature in Italy, will not fail to have remarked, that some of the petty states in that extensive country have risen of late to a high degree of celebrity, while others, which flourished exceedingly in centuries past, have experienced a considerable decay. Ever since the revival of the arts and sciences in Europe, Tuscany had been the Attica of Italy; and it has been computed, that the number of writers who have arisen in that little duchy is equal to that of all the other Italian writers put together. Next to Tuscany, the Venetian dominions were the seat of literature and the arts; Rome appeared with little *eclat;* the kingdom of Naples was only famous for forensic eloquence; and Lombardy was sunk into the deepest ignorance, or *incuria*..... About half a century ago, some political changes in the respective governments produced considerable alteration in the minds of the inhabitants. Tuscany, after the extinction of the illustrious house of Medicis, has not experienced, in the succeeding dynasty, the liberal patronage and ardent love of letters. The political constitution of Venice is an invincible obstacle to the progress of that branch of philosophy which constitutes the principal glory of this age: on the other hand, the city of Naples, become once again the seat of a powerful monarchy, has made such bold advances in literary and philosophical improvement, as it could never have possibly made under the servile government of the Spaniards. Lombardy has experienced a similar change, and to so great a degree, that Milan may be now said to enjoy as great literary honours as Paris and London. Accordingly, we meet with but a scanty number of writers all over the little states of Italy, a considerable number in Naples, and a luxuriant abundance in Milan: each of these states, however, has, in its mode of cultivating the arts and sciences, a character peculiar to itself.

Mr. Affo, a Parmesan, has lately published several tracts relative to the history and antiquities of his country; such as *The Mint and Coins of Parma*, *Memoirs of the Parmesan Writers*, *An Essay on the Parmesan Typography*, and *The Lives of Cardinal Pallavicino and Taddeo Ugoleto;* all these works illustrate, more or less, the general history of Italy, and all of them have been printed by the famous Bodoni.

Mr. Andres, an ex-jesuit, has published a valuable treatise on *The Origin, Progress, and present State of every branch of Literature*, printed by Bodoni. The scheme is bold, but not completely executed. Mr. Andres possesses, however, the unexceptional merit of writing Italian in perfection.

Mr. Arteaga is the author of an admired piece, *The Revolutions of the Musical Theatre in Italy.* It is elegantly written, and was printed first at Bologna, in 1783, in 4 volumes, 8vo.

The states of the pope, I am concerned to say, are the most ignorant of any in Italy; and, what will be thought a very singular phenomenon, the country towns are more enlightened than Rome. An *Historical Bibliography* of the pope's states was printed in Rome, in 1792. Mr. Milizia, a great amateur in the fine arts, published, in 1781, *Memoirs of Ancient and Modern Architects:* a similar work appeared in 1785, in 4 vols. 4to. intitled, *Memoirs for the Fine Arts.* Cardinal Borgia, however, is considered as one of the most learned men in Europe. His principal work, relative to *the Supreme Dominion of the Holy See over the kingdom of Naples*, was

published in 1788. It was justly observed, at that time, that he was *the best advocate in the worst cause.*

The *Annali Bolognese* of Savioli is only a compilation.

The Piedmontese nation may boast of two great men, both of them expatriated: the famous La Grange, now in Paris, supposed to be the greatest mathematician in Europe, and Denina, who lives in Berlin. This last published, before he left Italy, *The Literary and Political History of Greece*, *The Revolutions of Italy*, and many other valuable productions. He afterwards wrote *The Vicissitudes of Literature*, and the *Prusse Literaire.*

Nothing better proves the decay of literature in Tuscany, than the *Collection of writings for Royal Jurisdiction*, published in Florence, in 1770, in 38 vols. in an enlightened age, it was ridiculous to investigate the absurd pretensions of the court of Rome. Mr. Lanzi has published two tracts; *Essays on the Ancient Languages of Italy*, in 3 vols. 8vo. and *The History of Paintings in the Southern Parts of Italy:* these have not been held in great estimation. The Tuscans, however, have not wholly degenerated. Mr. Sestini is a well-informed naturalist and antiquarian, and well known from his travels in the Levant. He published, in the period from 1779 to 1794, the following works, *A Description of the Museum of the Prince of Bascari*, *Numismatic Dissertations*, and *Travels through Turkey.* The abbot Mariti is entitled to the esteem of the learned. *His Travels through Cyprus, Syria, and Palestine*, in 9 vols. 8vo. present novel ideas to politicians, learned men, and artists. Mr. Battini is a learned naturalist: he has published *Enquiries concerning the Mineral waters of Sienna.* Dr. Mascagni is an able physician: he is now about to publish the second edition of his celebrated *System of the Lymphatic Vessels. The History of Tuscany, under the house of Medicis*, by Salluzzo, is an incomplete work, and it is matter of regret, as a French journalist observes, that no good historiography has as yet appeared of that celebrated house.

In the Venetian states, the abbot Melchoir Cesarotti is entitled to the first notice as a learned man. Exclusive of his numberless translations of different classical productions, from every language, the best of which is, in my opinion, the *Poems of Ossian*, he has published *A Rational Course of Greek Literature*, and *An Essay on the Italian Tongue.* In the dominions of the republic of Venice, the study of agrarian matters is vigorously pursued: witness, among others, the works of Mr. Bertrand, printed at Vicenza, in 1780.

The Neapolitan writers, generally speaking, are chargeable with two material faults: the being rather inclined to collect the sentiments of others, than to exhibit a system of new ideas of their own, and being deficient in a just method of writing, and in a philosophical or analytical language. This may be ascribed to the prevailing style of the bar, which being much studied in Naples, extends its influence over every part of literature.

The great number of civilians in that extensive metropolis, and the incessant contests between the king and the pope, relative to the jurisdiction of the state, turn the minds of most of the learned toward civil and canon law, the rights of nations, and ecclesiastical history. So that, though printing be as actively in exercise at Naples as in London, few literary productions appear there which claim an universal interest; at least, they bear no proportion to the greatness of the kingdom. The Neapolitans can boast but few proficients in the mathematics and natural history, although some of them excel in medicine. The works of Cotugno, Cirillo, Andria, Fasano, and others, are generally known. On subjects of philosophy and politics, next to the celebrated Filangieri, is the work of D. Francesco D'Astore, entitled, *The Elocution of Philosophy*, in 2 vols. 8vo. This

work is far from being well written, although the author is entitled to the highest praise for having been the first to elicit the true principles of oratorical institutions in Naples. The *Essays on the Civilization of Nations*, by D. Mario Pagano, in 2 vols. 8vo. are better executed, and by far more original, than the *Science of Legislation* of Filangieri: from some unaccountable reason, however, they have not succeeded well in other countries. D. Melchiorre Delfico has published many political writings, the best of which is *The Absurdities of the Roman Laws*. D. Giuseppe Galanti has published the *Political and Natural Description of the Kingdom of Naples*, in several volumes: he is censured for want of method and taste. The abbot Longano has published many works on metaphysical and political subjects, which are generally esteemed, above all, his *Natural Man*. The work which reflects the highest honour on the Neapolitans, is the *Art of War*, by the marquis Parmieri. This learned nobleman merited, by his production, the esteem of the late king of Prussia, and the emperor Joseph II. Two other learned men should not be passed by in Naples: D. Pietro Signorelli, who wrote the *History of the Theatre*, in 3 vols. 8vo. and D. Saverio Mattei, author of the *Poetical Works of the Bible*, and formerly a great friend of Metastasio.

The true seat of philosophy in Italy is, as we have already mentioned, the Austrian Lombardy..... The college of Brera, in Milan, is the emporium of all the literati of the country, and contains whatever is interesting in philology, sciences, and arts. Here is a library of 80,000 volumes, an observatory, an academy of the fine arts, and a patriotic society. The observatory is under the direction of three famous astronomers: Oriani, De Cesaris, and Preggio. Father Soave, an able metaphysician, and an elegant writer, is a professor in this college. He has published a philosophical grammar, like that of our Harris. From the school of Beccaria two great philosophers have risen, Count Carli, who, besides a number of works on economics, has obtained a great reputation by his writings on coins; and count Verri, well known by his philosophical works, as well as by his *History of Milan*. Spallanzani lives in Pavia: it is to be regretted, that this excellent naturalist, like the rest of his countrymen, (Soave excepted) is extremely defective in style.

There are several periodical publications in Italy: *Memoirs of the Mathematics and Physics*, in Verona; *Transactions of the Patriotic Society*, and the *Opuscoli Scetti*, in Milan; the *Journal of Modena*, planned by the late Tiraboschi; the *Bibliotheca Oltramontana*, in Turin; the *Journal of Pisa*, the *Ephemerides of Rome*, and the *Analysis Raisonnee of New Books*, in Naples.

DURATION OF LIFE IN SOME ANIMALS.

A TABLE of the duration of life, in certain animals:

	Years.
Cricket	10
Spider (sometimes more than)	1
Scorpion, generally (and sometimes more than)	1
River crayfish	20
Carp	100 to 150
Pike (sometimes more than)	40
Crocodile	100
Tortoise	100
Hen	10
Peacock	24
Nightingale and lark	16 to 18
Canary, if it does not couple	24
——— if it breeds annually	10
Sparrow-hawk	40
Goose	50
Swan	100
Eagle	100
Parrot	110
Rabbit, from	8 to 9
Goat	10
Sheep	10
Hog	20
Cat	18
Squirrel	7

Hare, from	7 to 8
Dog, from	23 to 28
Wolf	20
Bear	20
Fox	15
Lion	60
Cow (sometimes more than)	20
Bull	30
Ox, employed in agriculture	19
Deer	20
Horse, from	25 to 30
Ass, from	25 to 50
Camel, from	50 to 60
Elephant, from	150 to 200

MAN....POLITICO-ARITHMETICALLY CONSIDERED.

SUPPOSING the earth peopled with 100,000,000 inhabitants, and allowing 33 years for a generation, it has been computed, that the deaths of each year amount to 30,000,000

Of each day, to - 82,135

Of each hour, to - $3,442\frac{7}{24}$

But as the number of deaths is to the number of births, as 10 to 12, there are born, every year 36,000,000

Every day - 98,569

Every hour - $4,107\frac{1}{24}$

If mankind had not been doomed to die, there would have been, at present, about 173,000 billions of mortals on the earth; and in this case, there would still have been 9110 square feet of earth remaining for each man.

Reckoning only three generations during a century, and supposing, at the same time, that the world has only existed 5700 years, there have been only 171 generations from the creation to our own time, 124 since the deluge, and 53 since the christian æra: now, as no family in Europe can trace its origin to the time of Charlemagne, it follows, that the most ancient houses cannot reckon more than 30 generations, and very few, if any, can go so far back; but supposing it to be the case, what is this, but 1000 years illustrations, against 4,800 years of obscurity?

On an equal space where there exists,

In Iceland	-	1 man
There is in Norway	-	3
Sweden	-	14
Turkey	-	36
Poland	-	52
Spain	-	63
Ireland	-	99
Switzerland		114
Great Britain		119
Germany		127
England		152
France	-	153
Italy	-	172
Naples	-	192
Venice	-	196
Holland		224
And in Malta		1,103

Out of every thousand men, 28 die off annually.

The number of inhabitants of a city or country is renewed nearly every thirty years.

Of 200 children, no more than one dies in the birth.

Of 100, one does not die during the mother's lying-in.

Of 1000 infants, fed by means of the mother's milk, not above 300 die; but of the same number reared by wet nurses, 500 die. The mortality of children has augmented greatly during the present luxurious age; convulsions and teething kill the greater numer of them.

The natural small-pox usually carries off 8 in every 100 attacked by it; but of 300 inoculated, no more than one dies.

Among 3125 who die, it appears, by the registers, that there is only one person of 100 years of age.

More old men are to be found on elevated situations than on plains and vallies.

The proportion between the deaths of women, and that of men, is as 100 to 108. The probable duration of female lives is 60; but at that period, the calculation is more favourable to them, than to the males.

Married women live longer than maidens.

In the country, the spring is the most fatal period; but in great cities, it is the winter.

One half of those who are born, die before they attain the age of se-

venteen: thus, they who survive that period, enjoy a degree of happiness, which a moiety of the human race is unable to attain.

The number of old men, who die in cold weather, is to the number of those who die in warm weather, as 7 to 4.

According to the observation of Boerhaave, the most healthy children are born in the months of January, February, and March.

The married women are to the unmarried, in the ratio of 1 to 3; and the married to the unmarried men, as 3 to 5. The number of twins born is to that of single children, as 1 to 65 or 70.

The number of marriages is to that of the inhabitants of a country, as 175 to 1000.

In the country, there are about four children produced by every marriage; in cities, there are but 35 to 10 marriages.

The men able to bear arms, form the fourth part of the inhabitants of a country.

INFERNAL MACHINE.

IT is now well known that Monsieur Fouche at the head of the police, was acquainted with this conspiracy from its first conception, and, by his vigilant agents, was informed of the daily progress made in the construction of this destructive instrument, of the plan of which he had even a copy. The conspirators proceeded with perfect confidence, and, as they thought, with perfect security. Three days before it was quite completed, and ready for its fell purpose, from some surprise, or dread of detection, they changed their place of meeting, and in one night removed the machine from the spot where it had been usually deposited. The penetrating eye of the police lost sight of them. Fouche and his followers exercised their unrivalled talents for pursuits and discovery, to no purpose. The baffled minister then waited upon Bonaparte, to whom he regularly imparted the result of every day's information respecting it, and told him, that he could no longer trace the traitorous insrument of his assassination, and requested him, as he knew it must be completed by this time, not to go to any public place, until he had regained a knowledge of it. Bonaparte replied, that fear only made cowards and conspirators brave; and that he had unalterably determined to go with his accustomed equipage to the national concert that very evening. At the usual hour, the first consul set off, undismayed, from the Thuilleries; a description of the machine, which was made to resemble a water cask, being first given to the coachman, servants, and guards. As they proceeded, the advanced passed it unobserved, but the coachman discovered it just as the consular carriage was on a parallel with it; instantly the dexterous and faithful chariotteer lashed his horses into full speed, and turned the corner of the rue Marcem. In one moment after, the terrible machine exploded, and covered the street with ruins. The thunder of its discharge shook the houses of Paris, and was heard at a considerable distance in the country.

EXCURSION TO THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

DESCRIPTION OF HAMBURG.

HAMBURG, once a distinguished member of the hanseatic confederacy, so celebrated in the annals of Europe from the 13th to the close of the 15th century, is still one of the first cities in Germany in wealth and population, and inferior to none in commercial importance throughout the widely extended regions of the empire. It is situated on the confines of Holstein, in north latitude 53° 34″, and in longitude east of the meridian of Greenwich 9° 55″, about 70 miles from Cuxhaven,

and 80 from the mouth of the Elbe. A very advantageous position on the banks of a navigable river, which equally facilitates its communication with the interior of Germany and the North Sea, attracted the attention of mercantile adventurers in the dawn of civilization in the north of Europe. Its earliest fortifications are attributed to the age of Charlemagne; important privileges fostered the infancy of commerce, in a somewhat later period; and commerce soon rewarded the industry of the inhabitants, and contributed to the splendour of the city. Hamburg rose still higher in power and opulence during the existence of the Hanseatic alliance, and remained uninjured by the dissolution of that powerful league..... Its prosperity encreased with the extension of commercial intercourse amongst the modern nations, and its trade was generally augmented by the convulsions of the political world. The privileges of a free imperial city, encouraged the emulation of rival merchants; in times of the fiercest warfare the flag of Hamburg was constantly respected, and the belligerents themselves were benefited by the resources which a neutral port supplied..... Hamburg thus became the great emporium of Europe during every naval contest, as it has been the storehouse of the north of Germany for a long series of years. From the upper regions of the Elbe, vessels are continually arriving, freighted with the produce of the interior; and return, laden with the necessary supply of imports, for the countries depending on the navigation of this far-flowing stream. In its foreign commercial relations, Hamburg is intimately connected with Great Britain, France, and almost every maritime power in Europe, with the United States of North America, and with some of the West Indian islands. With the Mediterranean and the south of Europe, a direct communication being prevented by the depredations of the piratical states of Barbary, the produce of these countries is imported in foreign vessels, to which indeed Hamburg is tributary for a considerable proportion of its trade. Lubeck affords to the Hamburgers a readier means of commercial intercourse with Russia and the other states of the Baltic, than the more circuitous passage of the Cattegat and the Sound; since goods can be transported from thence, either by land or water, at no great expence, and with a considerable advantage in security and dispatch. Hamburg is consequently frequented by the vessels of various countries, and becomes the resort of the enterprizing merchant from the greatest portion of the civilized world.

The lofty towers of Hamburg, and its massy ramparts, form a prominent feature in the external prospect, rising above the surrounding scenery, and crowning the beauties of the whole. Verdant groves, and walks shaded with lindens, diversify the appearance of a sandy plain, which the industry of man has cultivated and embellished with no common care. Altona, the now aspiring rival of Hamburg, in opulence and commerce, bounds the territories of the Hans-Town at a short distance on the west side of the city; whilst to the eastward a chain of outer fortifications comprehends within its limits the beautiful and extensive suburb of St. George, the dependent bailiwick of Ham, and the buildings on the City Dyke. ....The majestic Elbe, interspersed with numerous islands, flows to the southward of the city, partly washing the fortifications, and partly separated from the ramparts by an extensive marsh, subject in winter to frequent inundations, but in summer affording excellent pasturage for cattle. On the north, or rather the north-east, the Alster, expanded to a spacious lake from the confluence of some smaller streams a few miles distant from the city, enters within the ramparts by the Lombards bridge, and forms there a beautiful basin before it penetrates, by canals, through the interior, to

mingle its waters with the Elbe..... Numerous pleasure-gardens, villas, and other edifices of a public and private nature, line the margins of the Alster, and decorate the appearance of the adjacent plain..... Thus, on every side of Hamburg a highly cultivated country, adorned with wood and water, forms an interesting and variegated prospect; the whole of which is comprehended within the bounds of the horizon from some elevated stations in the city.

The beauties of Hamburg vanish with the external prospect; and the eye of taste will scarcely receive one solitary gratification within the walls of this important city. It approaches in form towards an unequal circle, or rather an oblong, the length of which may be estimated at two miles and a half, the breadth at two miles, whilst the circumference scarcely exceeds five. A population of near one hundred thousand inhabitants crowded within this space, in a city abounding with ware-houses and manufactories, intersected by canals, and containing within its boundaries two spacious havens and an extensive basin, where also numerous areas and markets, churches and other public buildings occupy a considerable portion of ground, admits not the possibility of those arrangements which health and convenience equally require. The south-east division of Hamburg is built in the very worst style of ancient cities; the streets are narrow, dirty, and ill-paved, winding in various and complicated directions, to the great annoyance of the inexperienced traveller, who, disdaining the assistance of a *valet de place*, attempts unguided to explore his way. The houses of the principal inhabitants are lofty, commodious rather than elegant within, and present, after the fashion of many continental cities, their gables towards the street. Though their height almost totally excludes the rays of the sun, rows of trees are planted in front of each, which, however pleasing their appearance in spring and summer, must, with their falling leaves in autumn, inevitably become a nuisance, equally intolerable to the passenger, and injurious to the health of the city. The habitations of the poor are wretched hovels, crowded together in narrow lanes, and seldom containing more than one or two rooms. The greatest contrast to these abodes of wretchedness, is presented by some houses facing the southern ramparts, which, with their adjoining gardens, display an attention to neatness and elegance very superior to the general appearance. In the north-west division of Hamburg, or, as it is frequently called, the *New Town*, more spacious streets and elegant houses, a superior attention to arrangement and cleanliness, and a more modern style of architecture prevails. Some public buildings here display an elegant exterior. Areas allow a more free circulation of a purer air; an air unsaturated with the effluvia of a market, and untainted with the vapours of a foul canal. The upper haven, destined to receive the produce of the interior of Germany, is situated to the eastward of the Marsh; the lower haven, for vessels from the lower regions of the Elbe and from the North Sea, at the opposite extremity of the same; both are contained within the limits of the fortifications, and communicate through canals with the greatest part of the city. These canals, whilst they certainly facilitate the conveyance of goods into every quarter, must too frequently produce a noxious vapour injurious to health; for though the constant action of the tide ought to cleanse them of every contingent impurity, foul bottoms are occasionally displayed. The communication across these between the streets and lanes is maintained by drawbridges, amounting to upwards of 80 in number, which consequently afford a ready access from one peninsular division to another.

The principal harbour, in which all vessels of burthen are moored, lies without the ramparts, extend-

ing from the lower haven to the south-west extremity of the city.... Here the flags of various nations are frequently displayed, as the constant arrival or departure of vessels enlivens the prospect, and agitates the mind of the Hamburger with continual hopes and fears.

The fortifications of Hamburg, to which I have frequently alluded, consist principally of massy ramparts, and a spacious ditch. Wooden palisades supply the place of the former on the side of the havens, and the latter occasionally gives place to the waters of the Alster and the Elbe. The ramparts are flanked by 22 bastians mounted with several large pieces of ordnance, and are guarded in the day-time by a hired soldiery, but during the night are committed to the protection of a civic troop. A spacious walk, adorned and shaded with trees of various kinds, affords to the inhabitants an agreeable promenade along the ramparts, and displays the variegated beauties of the environs, as they successively occur.

By resorting to a boat for a short distance on the side of the lower haven, or by there taking a circuitous course through the adjacent streets, they may be regularly perambulated, and are a favourite resort of the Hamburgers from every quarter of the city. These ramparts may indeed be termed more truly the ornament than the defence of Hamburg; for in a military point of view their importance is indisputably small. They were lately abandoned on the first summons to the Danes, and in the present state of military science can never long withstand the attacks of a formidable army, or avert the dangers of a regular siege. Four principal gates communicate with the country on the land side, two smaller portals lead into the marshes, and two flood-gates open from the havens into the Elbe. To restrain the nocturnal excursions of the inhabitants, and prevent the escape of delinquents under the veil of night, these various outlets are, during every season, with an exception in favor of the Stein-Thor leading to the suburb St. George, closed with the setting sun. Though the Stein-Thor is passable for a small gratuity till midnight, the gates of the outer fortifications are always closed with those of the city; but on the side of the Alster, which bounds the suburb on the north-west, an escape into the country is practicable at every period of the night.

Though all the principal streets of Hamburg are continually crowded with passengers, the greatest bustle naturally prevails on the side of the harbours and in the vicinity of the exchange.

The crowds in Hamburg are composed of the industrious and the active, employed in the exercise of their respective callings; the idle rarely mix here with the busy throng, the inquisitive still more seldom, and mendicants are prohibited by law. From one o'clock till three the exchange is resorted to by merchants, manufacturers, and others interested in the transactions of the day. Within the area and in the streets adjoining an immense concourse is regularly assembled, importance in every face, haste in every step, every mind agitated by the rise or fall of the markets, calculating on the respective value of banco, courant, and specie, or speculating on the fluctuations of exchange. Yet during the whole of my residence in Hamburg it was a general complaint, that no business could be done; the aspect of affairs during a late important negociation varied with every mail, and speculations of all kinds were at a stand. If at such a period the exchange was continually crowded, what must it have been, when Hamburg was the emporium of Europe, and enjoyed the almost exclusive commerce of the western world!

To the mutual jealousies of the neighbouring princes, and the interest more distant nations find in the security of free commercial cities,

the feeble remains of a once formidable confederacy* owe the continuation of that political independence of which their less fortunate associates have been deprived. Amidst the awful convulsions of the present moment, so dangerous to the liberties of Europe, from the destructive conquests and insatiable ambition of hereditary sovereigns or of upstart statesmen, of which Poland, Switzerland, and Holland afford the amplest proofs, should these industrious cities submerge under the dominion of a crowned despot, or a military usurper, their commanding situations might indeed retain a trade beneficial to the interests of the usurper, but beneficial to him and his dominions alone. The active energies of commerce would decay in the grasp of despotism, wealth would fly before the arbitrary exactions of the rapacious invader, and industry would sink under the weight of prohibition injurious to the prosperity of trade.

The government of Hamburg is administered by an elective magistracy, consisting of four burgermasters, twenty-four senators, and some other officers of state, who possess the right of filling up vacancies in their own body, and the exercise of the whole legislative, executive, and judicial power.

The religion of the state is Lutheran, the allied cities having early adopted the doctrines of the reformation, more congenial to the principles of freedom, than the dogmas of the court of Rome.

Engrossed almost solely with commercial speculations, the citizens of Hamburg have totally neglected the patronage or cultivation of the arts. ....Among cities of equal celebrity scarcely one is so entirely destitute of sculpture or paintings worthy of the traveller's attention, whilst literature and science have been regarded by the great mass of society with almost equal neglect. A monument has indeed been erected to the memory of Busche, a celebrated mathematician and political economist, and a pompous cenotaph is announced for the tomb of Klopstock, the far-famed author of the Messiah. But whilst national vanity is gratified by this display of public honours, decreed to the ashes of departed genius, emulation rouses not the youth of Hamburg to exertion in the paths of science. Literature is still the business of the few, not the chosen amusement of the many....the only certain harbinger of general improvement, in the acquisitions of science, or in the culture of national taste. The recreations of the Hamburgers consist in far more sensual gratifications, in a splendid equipage, and a handsome villa, in the enjoyment of sumptuous banquets, and the dangerous but too fascinating allurements of play. The theatre is by far the most rational source of entertainment to which they repeatedly resort: but the drama affords variety so suited to many different tastes, is so universal a favourite with the public in every civilized community, that a recurrence to its amusements in any particular society can never be considered as a trait of its national character in a discriminating point of view.

Hospitality, elsewhere a general trait in the mercantile character, forms no prominent feature here..... The Hamburger is alone accessible in his counting house and upon 'Change. The door of his town-residence or his villa is rarely opened to the stranger, who approaches him with the most respectable introductions, if he is not still more strongly recommended by expected advantages in trade. Cold and formal in his evasions on subjects of general enquiry, which he cannot or he will not satisfy, he is active and warm in his reiterated offers of service in every question connected with commercial advantages, or as promising a future extension of his trade. He is indefatigable in all his mercantile concerns; these alone employ the whole force of his genius, and display the energies of

* Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen.

each superior mind. The Hamburgers in general are expert at calculation, and acquire with facility the principal languages of Europe, the two most important branches of education, to which the youth destined for commercial occupations can apply. To the merchant alone Hamburg will be a city of frequent or of chosen resort: the general traveller will almost constantly consider it as a mere gate to the continent, leading towards prospects of superior beauty, and opening into far more interesting scenes.

ACCOUNT OF MRS. DELANY.

THE venerable and celebrated Mrs. Delany, some time deceased, and her miraculous hortus siccus, are introduced by Dr. Darwin as a simile to papyra; but describing a totally different art from hers, even that of a mere artificial flower-maker, this simile, which bears so little resemblance to writing and printing, forms one of the most censurable passages in the whole poem. Mrs. Delany, in her representation of plants and flowers, native and exotic, and which fill ten immense folio volumes, used neither the wax, moss, or wire attributed to her in this entirely false description of her art. She employed no material but paper, which she herself, from her knowledge of chemistry, was enabled to dye of all hues, and in every shade of each; no implement but her scissors, not once her pencil; yet never did painting present a more exact representation of flowers of every colour, size, and cultivation, from the simple hedge and field-flower, to the most complicated foliage that horticulture has multiplied. This lady, once Mrs. Pendarvis, the friend and correspondent of Swift, and in her later years honoured by the friendship and frequent visits at Windsor of the king, queen, and princesses, began this her astonishing self-invented work at the age of seventy-four. The poet here misrepresents her as being assisted by her virgin train. She had no assistant; no hands, but her own, formed one leaf or flower of the ten volumes. Her family were mortified by a description which they justly thought degraded her peculiar art; and remonstrated with Dr. Darwin on the occasion, expressing a wish that future editions might contain its more just picture on his poetic page. He said, the description in the note was accurate; but that truth in this, as in many other instances, being less favourable to poetry than fiction, he did not chuse to alter the text.

VACCIOLOUS INOCULATION A PRESERVATIVE AGAINST PLAGUE.

DR. DE CARRO, of Vienna, has addressed a letter to Dr. Jenner, containing the following extraordinary circumstances, tending to prove that the *vacciolous inoculation* is a preventative of the plague:

"Your discovery has produced some consequences which you surely were very far from foreseeing, when you made it known to the world. I believe that I once mentioned to you, that a French physician, Mons. Lafont, thought he had observed, that vaccinated people were not attacked by the plague. He described to me the facts which raised the suspicion; they were few, and not very conclusive; but he spoke of his new observations with modesty and prudence, and thought only that the subject deserved his further attention. Another physician at Constantinople, Mons. Auban, who never had any communication with M. Lafont, who is of Salonica, wrote to me about a year ago, that he also had some suspicion of the cow-pox being a preservative against the plague....did not mention facts, but said that several people had observed the same, and many vaccinated themselves as a security against the plague. Guess what was my astonishment when, a

few days ago, I received, through the French ambassador at Vienna, a packet of Dr. Auban, who begins his letter with these words: 'What I had the honour of mentioning to you long ago, concerning the cow-pox being a security against the plague, as a probability, I can now, after many experiments, speak of almost as a certainty.' He describes the facts summarily in his letter, and adds two *procès verbaux*, signed by him and several witnesses, desiring Citizen Champagny and myself to give them every possible publicity. The proofs are:

1st. "Of 6000 vaccinated at Constantinople, not one has taken the plague.

2d. "That infants previously vaccinated have sucked without injury the milk of nurses infected with the plague.

3d. "That an Italian physician, Dr. Valli, who went to Constantinople to study the plague, was so persuaded of the truth of the new discovery, that, upon the sole security of having been vaccinated, he shut himself up in a lazaretto, and had with people attacked with carbuncles and buboes various modes of contact, without any effect.

4th. "That the same Dr. Valli inserted into his own hand, a mixture of variolous and pestilential virus, and having felt no effect from that trial, he meant the following week to insert pestilential virus alone.

5th. "That Dr. Auban having been informed that in some villages near Constantinople the cows were subject to some eruptions on their udders, he, with several other gentlemen of the French embassy, went to those villages, and found the cow-pox then existing. The report of the inhabitants was, that they had never seen the plague or the small-pox among them, though both these diseases made dreadful ravages in the vicinity.

"Such, my dear sir," continues Dr. De Carro, "are the extraordinary facts which have been communicated to me. I have now and then corresponded with M. M. Lafont and Auban; their correspondence announces much medical information. The second, acquainting the world with such an important discovery, runs certainly a great risk if he deceives it by false and hasty observations."

SHOW AND USE, AN APOLOGUE.

ONE morning, lord Richmore, coming down to breakfast, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite mare, miss Slim, had brought a foal, and also, that a she-ass kept for his lady's use as a milker, had dropt a young one. His lordship smiled at the inequality of the presents nature had made him. "As for the foal," said he to the groom, "that, you know, has been long promised to my neighbour, Mr. Scamper. For young Balaam, you may dispose of him as you please." The groom thanked his lordship, and, said he would then give him to Isaac the woodman.

In due sime, miss Slim's foal, which was the son of a noted racer, was taken to squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and out of compliment to the donor named him Young Peer. He was brought up with at least as much care and tenderness as the squire's own children....kept in a warm stable, fed with the best of corn and hay, duly dressed, and regularly exercised. As he grew up, he gave tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white star on his forehead; his coat was fine, and shone like silk; and every point about him seemed to promise perfection of shape and make. Every body admired him as the completest colt that could be seen.

So fine a creature could not be destined to any useful employment. After he had passed his third year, he was sent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His master, who could not

well afford the expence, saved part of it by turning off a domestic tutor whom he kept for the education of his sons, and was content with sending them to the curate of the parish.

At four years old, Young Peer started for a subscription purse, and came in second out of a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a country plate, and filled his master with joy and triumph. The squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at first tolerably successful. At length, having ventured all the money he could raise upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong side of the post, was distanced, and the squire ruined.

Meantime young Balaam went into Isaac's possession, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could in the lanes and commons; and on the coldest days in winter he had no other shelter than the lee side of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a subsistence. As soon as ever he was able to bear a rider, Isaac's children got upon him, sometimes two or three at once; and if he did not go to their mind, a broomstick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheless he grew up, as the children themselves did, strong and healthy; and though he was rather bare on the ribs, his shape was good and his limbs vigorous.

It was not long before his master thought of putting him to some use; so, taking him to the wood, he fastened a load of faggots on his back, and sent him with his son Tom to the next town. Tom sold the faggots, and mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Isaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to send them for daily sale upon Balaam's back. Having a little garden, which from the barrenness of the soil yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two small panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to mend the soil of his whole garden, so that he grew very good cabbages and potatoes, to the great relief of his family. Isaac, being now sensible of the value of his ass, began to treat him with more attention. He got a small stack of rushy hay for his winter fodder, and with his own hands built him a little shed of boughs and mud in order to shelter him from the bad weather. He would not suffer any of his family to use Balaam ill, and after his daily journies he was allowed to ramble at pleasure. He was now and then cleaned and dressed, and, upon the whole, made a reputable figure. Isaac took in more land from the waste, so that by degrees he became a little farmer, and kept a horse and cart, a cow, and two or three pigs. This made him quite a rich man; but he had always the gratitude to impute his prosperity to the good services of Balaam, the groom's present; while the squire cursed Young Peer as the cause of his ruin, and many a time wished that his lordship had kept his dainty gift to himself.

HINDOO IDEAS OF RURAL BEAUTY.

SOME readers may be amused with the ideas of rural or forest beauty, as conceived by a Hindoo poet, as they appear in the following passages of a tale, from that language:

"There was not, in all that forest, a tree without fruit, or flowers; nor was there one that bore thorns, or whose branches were not covered with bees. The birds filled the air of this delightful place with their songs; it was highly decorated with flowers, and clothed with trees, whose boughs, covered with the blossoms of every season, afforded a refreshing shelter. There were trees with flowery branches, which being gently agitated by the wind, were constantly shedding down showers of variegated blossoms.

There were others arrayed in robes of painted flowers, whose sky-touching heads were filled with choirs of sweetly-singing birds, and on whose tender stalks, bending down with loads of blossoms, were swarms of six-footed honey sippers sweetly humming; and there were many places spread with an abundance of flowers, the sight of which afforded the king great pleasure.

"That forest too abounded in trees with lofty trunks, resembling the standard of the mighty Eendra, and whose flowery branches mutually embraced. It was haunted by troops of good and evil spirits, by tribes of Gandharvas and Apsaras, and by numbers of wanton Vanaras and Keennaras. The air, which was cool, pleasant, fragrant, and laden with sweet-scented dust of the flowers, in moving about the forest, passed among the trees, as if it would sport with them. Such was the forest which the king beheld; it was pleasantly situated, highly raised on the bank of a river, appearing, as it were, like a lofty standard."

CRITICISM ON KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

Continued from page 235.

WITH the fifth book is introduced the visit of Omnipresence to Christ in the garden, the agony and bloody sweat. The journey of the Almighty is announced by ten-thousanders....so Klopstock calls the thunders which are heard at his setting off....and is measured by sun-miles, the distance from sun to sun. The inhabitants of the star Adamida see the Godhead passing by. This star and our earth are twin planets, made at one time, and stocked at one time with similar Adams and Eves. In Adamida the forbidden fruit has not been gathered: it is peopled, brim full, with immortal men, women, and children, whose paradisial plenty, poetic piety, and patriarchal pleasures, are elegantly depicted. Criticism willingly winks at the inconsistencies, in favour of the attractions of this description of Eden retained.

Abbadona, a penitent fallen angel, who comes to behold the agony, although an episodical is an interesting personage: he is always the most welcome of the supernatural beings.

In the sixth book the arrestation of Jesus takes place. The apparition of a death-angel to Philo, when he threatens the capital punishment of Jesus, with the words: "I appoint thee in the valley of Benhinnon, there shalt thou see my face again," is a well projected parody of the genius's appearing to Brutus, but it is not fortunately executed; it wants, like every transplantation of Klopstock's, conciseness, simple grandeur, and fewness of impressive ornaments: too much is said by the angel, too many things about him are described. The second appearance in the thirteenth canto is not better managed.

The seventh book narrates the penitence and self-slaughter of Judas tragically and sublimely. The interference of Portia, the wife of Pilate, at the solicitation of Mary, the mother of Jesus, to obtain the release of the son, is conducted with nobleness, tenderness, and propriety. "The mother of the Uncreated" displays a loftiness admired even by angels. The scourging, the crowning with thorns, and the sortition of the garments, are hurried over with prudent rapidity. Very few passages recall Vida's Christiad: one of these is Portia's dream, which, however improved in Klopstock, probably results from the lines

Romanum interea monet ipsa exterrita visis
Per somnum conjux, juvenis ne sanguine sese
Polluat, abstineat capto, portenta minari
Magna Deum in somnis, &c.

CHRISTIADOS, LIB. V.

Tasso and Milton have not consulted Vida so fruitlessly.

In the eight book the crucifixion is effected. An eclipse produced by the miraculous interposition of the star Adamida, which Uriel is ordered to guide between the sun and the earth, give rise to a fine description.

Earth grew still at the sinking twilight: the twilight
Gloomier, stiller the earth. Broad ghastly shadows, with pale gleams
Streak'd more dimly and more, flow'd troublous over the mountains.
Dumb withdrew the fowls of heav'n to the depths of the forest;
Beasts of the field stole fearful to hide in the loneliest caverns;
Even the worm slunk down. In the air reign'd death-like silence.
Man, slow-breathing, look'd at the heavens. The gathering darkness
Now was night. The star stood still (so Uriel guided)
Quenching the sun light wholly. In horribly visible midnight
Veil'd were the world's wide fields. Sound was not. But Jesus
Hung on the cross, dumb: mixt with his blood slow trickled the death-sweat.
Struck, as with judgments of God, earth lay. More struck to the inmost
Stands not a friend by the corse of his far hence early departed
Friend: nor the man that feels in its wholeness the loss of the noble
Over the patriot's urn, who leaves unended a great deed;
Long unmoving, he hangs on the holy ruin, and weeps not—
Shudders of anguish seize him at once. So broke on a sudden
Earth from its stillness, and quak'd. And with it Golgotha too quak'd
Up to the cross's summit. Now flow'd from the wounds of the victim
Faster the life everlasting, the streaming blood of atonement.
When the night-wrapt cross, with Golgotha, quak'd—overshadow'd
Frightful, a deeper blackness the hill of death—overshadow'd
Deeper blackness the temple, and thee, O Jerusalem. Angels
Even beheld now first their pure light fade into evening.

A French writer,* who flourished in this country, has compared the Messsiah of the Germans with the Mahabharat of the Hindoos, and extracts from this canto the description of Christ suffering, in corroboration of the analogy: he thinks that European religion will one day be appreciated at Benares by Klopstock's poem.

The ninth and tenth books consist of disjoined anecdotes of men and spirits, who come to view the crucifiction. Abbadona's approach in the disguise of an angel of light, is borrowed from Satan's visit to Uriel, in Milton, and was worth borrowing. The two devils in the Dead Sea rant and roar somewhat hyper-tragically; yet their howling suggests a strongly written simile.

So, when the earth deep quakes, its long-doom'd cities to swallow,
And, with the far-cleft region, one of the sinfullest sinks—wild
Death-shrieks climb with the thunders of subterranean vengeance.
Once more trembles the earth; once more sound, mingling in dire crash,
Falling temples of guilt, vast marble palaces shatter'd,
Wild death-shrieks of the guests—pale flies the wanderer, bawling.

On the whole, these two books, and especially the latter, have as few prominent beauties of style as of conception: they terminate when Jesus "bowed his head and died."

Eleventh book. The mystical Christ separates from the dead body of Jesus, and hovers into the holy of holies. The veil of the temple rends, an earthquake is felt, and many bodies of the saints, which slept, arise. Not only crowds of individuals, who partake this select resurrection, are separately enumerated; the whole process of revivification is repeatedly described with fatiguing uniformity: it is detailed with most elegance in the following instance:

* Essai Historique sur les Revolutions Anciennes et Modernes.

While yet Rachel spake, arose at her feet from the still grave,
Softly aspiring, a cloud, such as roses in chalice, an odour,
As of a vernal bower, that scatters the snow of its blossoms.
Rachel's glory illumin'd the swimming vapour with lustre
Golden and bright, as on morning-clouds are the fringes of sunshine,
Curious follows her glance the heaving mist; she beholds it
Hovering, shapeless as yet: it ascends, sinks, glitters—approaches
Nearer and nearer. She thinks on the ever changeful creation,
Aye to remain unfathom'd in small as in great—nor imagines
Yet how nearly akin is the floating radiant cloudlet,
Nor into what thy voice, Atoner, is soon to transform it—
Sudden the word of his all might sounds. Her angel is present.
Rachel swoons—she seems into tears of extasy melting,
Flowing adown some shadowy valley, or airily floating
Over a bank of flowers to pause, and awake on the fragrance,
Newly created. At length she awakens really—conscious
Now that her soul has receiv'd its immortal and glorified body,
Heavenward gazes enraptur'd, and thanks the giver of life, God.

The twelfth book contains the burial of Jesus. Its tediousness is seldom relieved by eminent passages, yet a graceful view is given of the angel Chebar. The grief of the mother is neither well shown, nor well veiled. Klopstock's attempt at a concentration of pathos into a single exclamation, about *the bloody crown*, is quite unsuccessful; it has nothing of the *Ventrem feri* of Agrippina, or the *So I am* of Cordelia, or the *Ist Hermann todt?* of his own Thusnelda. The filial tenderness of Jesus in recommending, while on the cross, to his beloved disciple the care of his parent, in the all-expressive and affectionate words, *Behold thy mother*, had been narrated in the ninth book by Klopstock, with the moving simplicity of the gospel (John xix. 27). Mary has now come to the sepulchre....." She wrung her hands and tottered, and fell to the earth. They held her as they could, and sunk with her." They raise her up. She turns on John the red dim eye. *Behold thy mother!* were the words she should have utter'd: to recall that parting with her dying son, and to mark the impotence of consolation in woe like her woe. Grief ever dwells on the last words of its object.

To be continued.

MEETING BETWEEN ELEPHANTS.

THE French government having caused a male elephant to be purchased, to replace the one that died in the *Jardin des Plantes* some months ago, the same had already arrived in Paris for some time, and was kept in the enclosure of the capuchins. At length it was thought proper to present him to the female, whose state of widowhood he is destined to console. When first placed in the presence of each other it was judged, that, according to the perfection of instinct in these animals, especially of that organ which in itself comprehends two distinct senses, they would have perceived and called, as it were, to each other, at a distance. But one who was an eye-witness of the fact, observes, that they either did not perceive each other at all, or, if they did, it was only to retire from each other. The distance they were at was but small, one being in an open stable, and the other close by, in the place where the public sees them. But for more than half an hour, it seemed impossible, by caresses, by gifts, or by blows, to engage them to approach each other. This resistance continuing so long, recourse was, at length, had to a rope, by which the new elephant that was in the stable was made to go out, to draw him near the female. At the moment when these two animals perceived each other, their first movement

was to fly from each other. Some useless attempts were made to bring them together; and when the female advanced a few paces to meet her new comrade, the latter replied by blowing with his trunk, with a movement so much bordering upon the ill-humoured, that it was matter of some surprise, to see the female, that heavy, shapeless mass, fly at the other extremity. The relater of this fact says, that his imagination was as much struck with it, as if he had seen a mountain run. He informs us, that he then abandoned the place; but, according to a history of the interview of the two elephants, related in the *Gazette de France* the next day, in the issue, the new comer testified a sensible joy in observing the companion that was destined for him.

MUSIC.

THE earlier writers on music, and even Kircher a modern, have, in their division of it, distinguished it into mundane, humane, and political; and Cicero de Repub. lib. ii. says that what in music is termed harmony, is in the government of a city called concord; of the latter of these distinctions it may be observed, that Shakespeare has shown himself not a little fond of it; as in Henry V. act. i. sc. 2.

For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

And again, in Troilus and Cressida, act i. sc. 3.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows.

The same fanciful notion seems also alluded to by Milton.

.... orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Par. Lost, b. v. l. 792.

It may be thought not unworthy of remark, that in the passage first cited, as well as in Mr. Pope's ode for St. Cecilia's day, the word *consent* is mistaken for *concent*, from the Latin *concentus*, a concert of music.

MATTHEW PRIOR'S EPITAPH.

PRIOR'S epitaph, by himself, prefixed to his poems beneath his print,

"Nobles and commons, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve.
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?"

is said to have been taken from a Scotch epitaph in the church-yard of Dundee.

Here lies a man
Com'd of Adam and of Eve,
If any will climb higher,
I give him leave.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

THE journalist of the reign of Henry the third of France, under the month of September, 1787, records the execution of a Norman who invented an infernal machine, which he caused to be conveyed to the Seigneur de Millan d'Allegre.... It was a box, containing thirty-six pistol barrels, each of them loaded with a couple of bullets. This box was so contrived that on opening it each of these barrels was to discharge its contents, at the same moment, firing off seventy-two balls.... It was sent with a forged letter, as from his sister, signifying, that she desired his acceptance of a curiosity, which the bearer would instruct him how to open. This bearer was the inventor's servant, who had been taught the manner of opening the box, but was a stranger as to what it contained. Accordingly, it was opened by De Millan's direction and

in his presence, when the pistols were all discharged, but the gentleman and the servant happened to be only slightly wounded. The inventor was thereupon apprehended and deservedly broken upon the wheel for his invention.

COLD AFFUSION USED MEDICINALLY BY MAHOMET.

GAGNIER, in his life of Mahomet taken from the Arabic writers, gives a detailed account of the prophet's last illness, which has all the appearance of truth, being attended by none but natural circumstances. He was attacked on the 27th of the month Safar, with a head-ache and slight fever, at the house of one of his wives. On the 29th, growing worse, he was taken to the house of his wife Ayesha. On that day, says Al Jannabi, his fever became so great, that no one could feel his pulse, or lay a hand on his breast, without undergoing an insupportable heat. In order to moderate the extreme burning which tormented him, he said to his wives, "Pour water upon me, as much as seven large leathern bottles full, that if possible I may be refreshed sufficiently to be able to speak to the people, and declare the last words of my testament." This was done, and he found himself greatly relieved. On the day following, the first of Rabi, Mahomet rose, and leaning on the shoulders of two persons, went to the mosque. He there made a long discourse, and gave several directions. On the following days he continued to pray in public, till the third day before his death, which happened on the 12th of Rabi, the 15th from his first seizure. We are not told whether the affusion was repeated, or any other means were employed; but the effect of this operation seems for the time to have been very salutary, and it was probably a well-known remedy in that country. Mahomet, among his other qualities, is said to have possessed great skill in physic.

NUTRIMENT FROM BONES.

IT is a truth generally admitted, that the bones of animals contain a substance essentially nutritive; but unto the present time this truth has added nothing to our modes of procuring aliment in common use, bones have not the less been an article of loss in our public and private economy. Papin, who wished to extract this nutritive substance, conceived the idea of the digester, which bears his name. Some ingenious men have endeavoured to bring that machine to perfection; but it still remains only an apparatus of physics; it is by much too complicated to be adopted for domestic purposes. Since, Papin, Messrs. Proust, Darcet, Pelletier, and other scientific characters in France, have attempted to obtain the jelly of bones by more simple methods; but their labours lie buried in large scientific collections, and alimentary economy has not hitherto made use of those fortunate discoveries that science had made. Citizen Cadet de Vaux, superintendant of the military hospital of Paris, &c. having long turned his thoughts to the enormous waste that is made of bones, and on the means of ameliorating the subsistence of the indigent classes, the sick poor, &c. gives it as his opinion, that the only method to extract, with ease, the nutritive substance from bones, is to pulverize them..... The author has made his experiments and observations the subject of a memoir which he has lately published. In this he acknowledges himself indebted to the dog for the idea of pulverization. He further observes, that one pound of bones will furnish as much broth as six pounds of meat, and that the broth of bones, considered as an article of diet, is preferable to the broth of meat. He likewise pronounces this

branch of economy pregnant with valuable resources to small families in towns, to villagers in the country, and to civil and military hospitals, to soldiers in camp or in a besieged city, and to the mariner in long voyages. The author then treats at large of the virtues of bone-broth, &c. &c. It appears from the notes, that Citizen Regnault, proprietor of a considerable foundery at Paris, desirous to extend the discovery of Citizen Cadet de Vaux, has caused a pestle and mortar to be founded for this particular purpose, and with a view to realise the object of his useful labours.

A CAVERN NEWLY DISCOVERED.

THERE has lately been discovered in the territory of Falcion, a village distant about two leagues from Nice, a cavern, the entrance to which is formed by a very narrow aperture. The interior of this cavern, of which neither the depth nor extent are, as yet, known, exhibits a number of vast compartments that resemble temples, decorated with columns formed by the crystallization of waters. One single hall or saloon will contain about 400 persons. The reflection is so strong that it requires but very little light to illumine the interior in a very splendid style. Only a small number of curious adventurers have as yet entered it, among whom are a poet and a Roman designer, both of whom speak of it with rapture and astonishment. A certain general, whose name is not mentioned, purposes speedily to make a descent into it, and to draw up a circumstantial report of whatever interesting particulars he may discover.

SIMILIES OF HOMER, VIRGIL, AND MILTON, DRAWN FROM FIRE AND FLAME.

THE element of fire, by the violence and rapidity of its action, and the splendour it gives to objects, when excited to combustion, is capable of affording a variety of striking images for poetical comparison. These have not escaped the notice of that original observer of nature, Homer, whose imagination seems to have been durably impressed with whatever the various scenery in which he was conversant could offer to captivate the attention, or interest the feelings.

The appearance, not unfrequent in a hot and dry climate, of a wood on fire, has suggested to him three similes, in one of which, the *splendour*, and in the others the *violence* of the flames, are the circumstances of resemblance. In that *cluster* of striking similies, by which the first advance of the Grecian army to battle is distinguished, we meet with the following:

As when on mountain tops devouring fire
Consumes a spacious forest; from afar
The splendour gleams: so from the polish'd brass,
As on they march'd, the dazzling lustre round
Flash'd up to heaven. IL. ii. p. 455.

The pursuit of the Trojans by Agamemnon gives occasion to the same image, except that a thicket is represented as the scene of conflagration, rather than a tall wood, to favour the resemblance, consisting in quick and frequent overthrow:

As when devouring flames a thicket seize,
This way and that, by whirling winds dispers'd;
Beneath the fiery force the shrubs around
Fall by the roots: thus by Atrides' arm
The heads of flying Trojans low were laid.
IL. xi. 155.

The poet rises in diction and imagery, where Achilles, in like manner, is painted as dealing destruction all around in the midst of the Trojan host:

As on some arid hill a raging fire
Runs madly through the dells, till all the wood
Is wrapt in flame, while by the wind convolv'd,
This way and that the fiery flakes are hurl'd:
So raged on every side the deathful spear. IL. xx. 490.

The scene is here very distinctly painted: the fire runs along the woody hollows interposed between the several summits of the mountain, and, aided by the eddying winds, spreads through all the extent of grove.

Mr. Pope has, however, confused the picture, by speaking of the flame flying up the mountain *o'er the stubble*, and entirely drops the striking and appropriate action of the wind. The resemblance in this simile is not confined to the *destructive force* of the fire; but the *glittering* of the Vulcanian spear was undoubtedly meant to be compared to the *light* of the conflagration.

Virgil has imitated this and the preceding passages, and has enriched and extended the simile, by the figure of the author of the conflagration, triumphing in the success of his purpose:

Ac velut optato, ventis æstate coortis,
Dispersa immittit sylvis incendia pastor;
Correptis subito mediis, extenditur una
Horrida per latos acies Vulcania campos:
Ille sedens victor flammas despectat ovantes.
Non aliter socium virtus coit omnis in unum;
Teque juvat, Palla. ÆN. x. 404.

As when in summer welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the mid-most plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste:
The pastor pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,
And pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
DRYDEN.

Neither this version, nor Pitt's, has done justice to the figure of the shepherd, who, rejoicing in his conquest, *looks down* upon the *triumphing* flames. The application to Pallas, however, does not seem very happy, since the prince was himself actively engaged as the leader and example of the war; and did not sit, like the shepherd, a tranquil spectator of the mischief he had only set in motion.

It may be proper to observe, respecting Virgil, that he has given a still finer and more elaborate description of a grove on fire, though not for the purpose of simile, in the second Georgic.

Three other different similes derived from burning, are supplied by the exhaustless invention of Homer. The first is taken from a city on fire; and its application is to the Ajaxes, pressed by the assailing Trojans, as they retreated with the body of Patroclus:

The furious war pursued: like rapid fire,
That in its sudden rage a city burns,
While in the mighty blaze the domes around
In ruin sink, and roaring winds conspire
To fan the flame; thus, as they slow retir'd,
The horrid din of mingled steeds and men
Tumultuous follow'd. IL. xvii. 736.

The numerous islands of the Archipelago, in Homer's time, the seat of continual war and rapine, of mutual predatory invasions, and reciprocal leagues of defence, furnished a frequent spectacle of what the poet has represented in the following lively pictures:

As from a town invested by the foe,
On some lone isle, the distant smoke ascends,

When all day long they strive in bloody fight;
Now, as the sun declines, the turrets round
Blaze thick, and high the sparkling flames arise,
That haply, neighb'ring friends, the signal seen,
May launch their warlike ships, and succour bring.
So from the hero's head the dazzling ray
Flash'd up to heav'n. Il. xviii. 207.

I doubt not here, that the poet associated in his mind the *occasion* of these two luminous appearances, that from the besieged town, and from the head of Achilles, as both connected with succour and relief; though, in fact, Achilles was about to *bestow* aid, while the purpose of the town was to *demand* it. These slight and imperfect associations are conformable to the operations of a mind hurried along by a variety of quick and strong conceptions.

The remaining simile likewise is derived from the stock of ideas which the Grecian bard gained from his maritime situation.

As shines the light to sailors on the main
Of fire enkindled on the lofty top
Of some lone hill; while tempests far to sea
Bear them unwilling from their friends away:
So from the burnish'd shield a dazzling light
Flash'd to the sky. Il. xix. 375.

The whole resemblance here consists in the objects themselves: one light compared to another.

FROM ROCKS AND MOUNTAINS.

These noble and striking objects have afforded fewer images of similitude to the epic poets than might have been expected. The *want of motion* was probably the cause of their being found so little applicable to the purposes of heroic action; and this idea seems confirmed by the circumstance that, among the few similes from this source to be met with, the greater share have motion artificially, as it were, introduced into them. One of these only, but that a capital one, is from Homer:

As when a torrent, swoln by mighty rains,
A rock's round fragment from its stony bonds
Rends on the mountain's brow; it bursts away
And flies high-bounding, while beneath its shocks
The wood re-echoes; still it sweeps along,
Till at the plain arriv'd, no more it rolls,
Though launch'd with force: so Hector, threat'ning loud
Swift to the tents and ships to hew his way,
Close on the phalanx stopt.
Il. xiii. 137.

This is imitated by Virgil in the following passage:

Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas:
Vertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exsultatque solo, sylvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens secum: disjecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad moros. Æn. xii. 684.

As when, by age, or rains, or tempests, torn,
A rock from some high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds, and swains, involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from the aerial steep;
Leaps down the mountain's side with many a bound
In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground:
So to the city, thro' the cleaving train, &c.
Pitt.

In comparing these two similes, Mr. Pope gives the most decided preference to that of Homer; and, in his translation, he has laboured with his utmost art to represent it

with every advantage. His principal reason for preferring that of the Grecian poet is, that it contains more points of likeness; as, first, the *descent* of Hector from the Grecian wall, as well as his rapid motion; and then, his sudden *stop* in front of the closely-wedged phalanx of the Ajaxes: so far his observations seem just; but I confess I cannot enter into what he supposes the *happiest branch* of resemblance, the *immobility* of both when so stopped, "the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward:" conformably to which idea, he says in his translation:

——So Hector—their whole force he proved,
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.

But I find nothing like this in the original; for Homer, after making him first stand firm, represents the Greeks as advancing and *pushing him from them*, when he *draws back* enraged.

Another difference between the two poets is apparent; which is, that Homer, painting, as usual, after nature, gives no circumstance which exceeds the bounds of strict probability; whereas Virgil falls into manifest exaggeration, his rocky mass being converted, in its descent, into a mountain, bearing with it not only men and herds, but whole woods.

The English poet appears with his accustomed dignity and originality after these great masters, taking, at most, a hint from them, expanded into much superior grandeur. When Satan recoils from the stroke of Abdiel, it is

——————As if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines.
PAR. L. vi. 195.

He is more of a copyist in his imitation of one of the most sublime and highly wrought similies in Virgil, where Æneas moves triumphant to the combat with Turnus:

Lætitia exultans, horrendumque intonat armis,
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscis
Cum fremit ilicibus quantus, guadetque nivali
Vertice se attolleus pater Apenninus ad auras. ÆN. xiii. 700.

He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Appenine, when white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides. DRYDEN.

The repetition of the word *quantus* in point of *language*, and the circumstance of the rustling ilex-wood, compared to the rattling of weapons, in point of idea, are beauties scarcely to be surpassed.

Milton did not require the same variety of imagery for his purpose, which was only to give a striking idea of strength and stability.

——On th' other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd.
His statue reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd. PAR. L. iv 985.

The sublimity of description is here expended upon the figure of Satan himself, and the mountains are only allusively, as it were, introduced like well-known and familiar objects. Indeed, considering the superior magnitude of the real figure, the resembling one could only be employed for illustration.

VANITY OF RICHARDSON.

THERE are certain sensations, which we are compelled to des-

cribe by popular language, but which, as they can never be experienced by persons of vulgar feeling, are considerably injured by the terms we employ. Such is that consciousness of their own merits which some men of genius have not only felt, but which they have even expressed; we have usually termed this *vanity*, but vanity, in the accurate definitions of our great lexicographer, is a "petty pride; pride exerted upon slight grounds." It may even be said to consist merely in *fancied excellence;* but when the excellence is real, the consciousness is injuriously termed *vanity;* here we can evidently feel an essential difference, but language affords no appropriate term. We may esteem and applaud ourselves, without vanity. I make this preliminary observation, that it may not be considered that I mean to degrade the character of Richardson, than whom I place few higher in the scale of human excellence.

An excessive fondness for his own works distinguished this Shakespeare of novel-writing. Johnson has anticipated me in some anecdotes, which I received from the same authentic source as himself. I refer to his life by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 275. The "literary lady," who is Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, so justly valued by Johnson, was a regular visitor at Richardson's house, and she can scarcely recollect one visit which was not taxed by this author's reading one of his voluminous letters, or two, or three, if his auditor was quiet and friendly.

The extreme delight which he felt, on a review of his own works, appears by the works themselves. Each is an evidence of what some will deem a violent literary vanity. To *Pamela* is prefixed a letter from the editor (who we well know to be the author) consisting of one of the most minutely-laboured panegyrics of the work itself, that ever the blindest idolater of some ancient classic paid to the object of his phrenetic imagination. He has, in several places, contrived to repeat the striking parts of the narrative, which shows his fertility of imagination, to great advantage. To the author's own edition of his *Clarissa* is appended an alphabetical arrangement of the sentiments dispersed throughout the work; and such was the fondness that dictated this voluminous arrangement, that the most trivial and familiar aphorisms, such as "habits are not easily changed"...."men are known by their companions," &c. seem alike to be the object of their author's admiration. This collection of sentiments, said indeed to have been sent to him anonymously, is curious and precious; and shows the value of the work, by the extensive grasp of that mind which could think so forcibly on such numerous topics. And in his third and final labour, to each volume of *Sir Charles Grandison*, is not only prefixed a complete index, with as much exactness as if it were a history of England, but there is also appended a *list* of the *similes* and allusions in the volume; some of which do not exceed *three* or *four*, in nearly as many hundred pages.

Literary history does not record a more singular example of that self-delight, which an author has felt on a revision of his works; a delight, which we should be far from terming vanity; which probably was an intense pleasure; which produced his voluminous labours; and which may certainly be envied, because not experienced, by some few writers, of not inferior genius to Richardson himself.

A DESCRIPTION OF BUXTON, BY MR. ERSKINE, IN IMITATION OF JOHNSON'S STYLE.

FORTUNE often delights to exalt what nature has neglected, and that renown, which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence, is often derived from accident. "The Rubicon was ennobled by the passage of Cæsar," and the bubbling up of

a stream in the middle of a lime-quarry, has given celebrity to Buxton.

The waters, in which it is agreed no mineral properties reside, and which seem to have no better claim to superior heat than what is derived from comparing them with the almost Siberian atmosphere that surrounds them, are said, however, to possess a spirit, which, though too volatile and unknown to receive a name from the chemists of graver ages, have, in this fanciful æra, when macaroni philosophers hold flirtation with science, taken the lead of all the other elements, and those whose nerves have found no relief in change of sky, or variety, seek for a refuge here in *fixed air*.

Amazing, indeed, is the avidity with which all ranks of mankind seek after that health, which they have voluntarily alienated to disease. Like methodists, who hope for salvation through faith without works, invalids come here in hopes to find in the well, that vigour they lost in the bowl; and to absorb in the bath, the moisture that evaporated at the ball, or in the stews.

For this purpose, they venture to this dreary spot, which contemplates, with envy, the highlands of Scotland; surrounded by barren mountains, beaten by storms almost perpetual....where scarce an inhabitant is to be seen, unless when the sun (whose appearance is justly considered as one of the wonders of the Peak) draws them out, from a curiosity natural to man, to wonder into what cavern the storm has retired. Yet this is summer; and if the winter holds its natural proportion, the inhabitants of the hall, who are not thirty yards from the well, must pass months without any communication with it. Yet here, the same folly which created disease, for the cure of which so much is suffered, obstructs the operation of the remedy from which so much is hoped. Animated by the appetite, which even the diluent powers of common water, assisted by the vibrations of exercise, and the collisive hilarity of reciprocal salutation, would give to a body obstructed by gluttony and rest, they devour, with delirious hunger, a farinaceous sponge*, with its interstices undulated in butter, which might smile with contempt at the perestaltic exertions of an elephant, and of which the digestion would be no less an evil, than the obstruction: if obstructed, it convulses the stomach with rancid exhalations; and if by its gravity it finds its way to the bowels, it tumefies flatulent paroxysms: by its detention in both, it becomes acrimonious and mephytic; and while its fumes arise and salute the brain with palsy, its *caput mortuum* descends, and lays the foundation of fistula. Very providentially, however, the evils of breakfast are not aggravated by the dinner. Dinner is rather a ceremony here, than a repast; and those who are delicate and sick acquire popularity, by disseminating among the multitude that food, which nothing but rude health, both of body and mind, could digest..... When it is finished, the chaplain calls upon the company to be thankful for what they have received; and the company, remembering they have breakfasted, join in the thanksgiving.

The evils of the day are likewise happily alleviated by the early hour of going to bed; and if sleep forsakes the pillow, fancy itself cannot charge it upon the supper. There are, notwithstanding, here, upwards of two hundred people, who, by talking continually of how much nature has left undone, and how little art has done for the place, increase the spleen they hope to cure at it; who speak with rapture of the beauties and pleasures of Matlock, which, though within their reach, they never go to; and who, hoping, by the power of imagination, to convert a smoking cauldron into a cold bath, relax, and wash to sensitive agony, those fibres, which require the tension of the bow-string, and the rigour of steel!

* Muffins.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF CERTAIN STONES AND OTHER SUBSTANCES SAID TO HAVE FALLEN FROM THE CLOUDS, AND OF THE SEVERAL THEORIES ADOPTED BY PHILOSOPHERS TO ACCOUNT FOR THE PHENOMENA.

Continued from page 231.

THE concordance of a variety of facts, which we brought together in our last number, seems to render it almost indisputable, that certain stones and other substances have, at different periods, fallen on the earth. Many chemists and natural philosophers have so far given credit to the documents upon which the several histories are founded, as to seek after and obtain some of these substances, in order that they might examine and analyze their component parts. It remains, therefore, for us to present the reader with a brief account of what has been done in this respect, and then to lay before him the several theories adopted to account for their origin.

According to Count de Bournon, under whose notice several of the stones, said to have fallen on the earth, have been brought, the stones from Benares are entirely covered with a thin black crust, without the smallest gloss; and their surface is sprinkled over with small asperities, which cause it to feel like fish-skin.

Their internal appearance is of a greyish ash colour, and of a granulated texture, similar to that of a coarse gritstone; they appear to be composed of four different substances, which may be easily distinguished by making use of a lens.

One of these substances appears in the form of small globular bodies of various sizes, from that of a small pin's head to that of a pea, or even larger. They are of a brown or grey colour, and completely opaque..... When broken, they show a fine, smooth, compact grain, having a small degree of lustre, resembling, in some measure, that of enamel..... Their hardness is such, as to act in some degree upon glass, and they will give faint sparks when struck with steel.

Another of them is a martial pyrites, of an indeterminate form; its colour is a reddish yellow, slightly inclining to that of nickel, or to that of artificial pyrites. The texture of of this substance is granulated, and not very strongly connected: when pounded, it is black. This pyrites is not attractable by the magnet.

The third of these substances consists of small particles of iron, in a perfectly metallic state, so that they may be easily flattened or extended by means of a hammer. These particles give to the whole mass of the stone the property of being attractable by the magnet.

The three substances just described, are united together by means of a fourth, which is nearly of an earthy consistence. The black crust with which the surface of the stones is coated, although it is so thin, emits bright sparks when struck with steel. It may be broken by a stroke with a hammer, and seems to possess the same properties as the black oxide of iron. When breathed on, they do not emit an argillaceous smell: the same remark may be applied to all the others. The specific gravity of the Benares stones is 3,352.

To be continued.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN JULY.

THE Editor of the Literary Magazine believing that a monthly list of new publications will be acceptable to his subscribers, as a general reference in the selection of books to purchase, and as exhibiting a tolerably correct view of the prevailing taste for reading, and progress of literature in the United States, has determined to appropriate two or three pages in each number to that purpose, and invites authors and publishers to communicate notices of

works printed, in the press, or about to be put to press, and they will always be faithfully inserted, free of expence.....The present catalogue must necessarily be imperfect, but from the friendly assistance of the publishers in the different towns, he hopes, with the next number, to present a complete list of all the books that have been printed in the United States within the month.

Travels in Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and across the desart into Egypt, in company with the Turkish army, and the British military mission, by William Witman, M. D..... Humphreys.

The Pleasures of Hope, and Pleasures of Memory, in one volume, elegantly printed on fine wove paper.....Maxwell. 1 dollar.

The Works of the late Dr. William Smith, 2 vols. 8vo.....Maxwell. 5 dollars.

The Holy Bible, in 4 vols. 8vo..... Johnsons. 10 dollars.

Armstrong and Green's Poems, with a prefatory essay by Dr. Aiken, 1 vol. 12mo.....Johnsons. 1 dollar.

The first volume of Scott's Commentary on the old and new Testament.....Woodward; by subscription.

Clavigero's History of Mexico, 3 vols. 8vo. illustrated with plates and other engravings.....Dobson. 9 dollars.

The Christian's Looking Glass, or the Timorous Soul's Guide; being a description of the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, by the Rev. T. Priestley, in two parts.....D. Hogan. Price 75 cents.

Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin, chiefly during his residence at Lichfield, with anecdotes of his friends, and criticisms on his writings, by Anna Seward, 1 vol. 8vo..... H. Maxwell, M. Carey, S. F. Bradford, T. & W. Bradford, and D. Hogan. 2 dollars.

Christian Philosophy, or an attempt to display, by internal testimony, the evidence and excellence of Revealed Religion, by Vicessimus Knox, D. D. first American edition, with a translation of all the Greek and Latin quotations annexed.....D. Hogan. 1 dollar.

Eccentric Biography, or memoirs of remarkable Female Characters, ancient and modern, including actresses,adventurers, authoresses, fortune-tellers, gipsies, dwarfs, swindlers and vagrants, &c.....Humphreys. 1 dollar.

East's Reports of Cases argued and determined in the court of king's bench in Michaelmas, Hilary, and Easter terms, in 43d year of George 3d, 1802—1803; third volume..... Byrne & Hudson.

The Citizen of the World, or Letters from a Chinese Philosopher residing in London to his friends in the East, by Oliver Goldsmith, 2 vols. 12mo. 2 dollars....Conrad & co.

The Elements of Euclid, the errors corrected by Robert Simson, M. D. To this edition are also added, the Elements of plane and spherical Trigonometry. 8vo. 2 dollars 50 cents.....Conrad & co.

A Map of Louisiana, compiled from a manuscript French map, Mr. Murray's map of the United States, and Hutchinson's map of the Mississippi, &c. and compared with the documents laid before Congress, 1803; drawn by Samuel Lewis; mounted on rollers. 1 doll. 25 cents. .....Conrad & co.

The Constitutions of the United States, according to the last amendments, to which are prefixed the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution, the ordinance for the Government of the N. W. Territory, an act concerning the District of Columbia, an act to incorporate the City of Washington, the proposed Amendments to the Federal Constitution, and an act providing for the Government of Louisiana. 1 dollar.....Conrad & co.

The American Distiller, or the theory and practice of distilling, according to the latest discoveries and improvements, including the most approved method of constructing Stills, and of rectification, by Michael Kraft of Bristol, Pennsylvania, Distiller, illustrated with copperplates. 2 dollars.....Dobson.

IN THE PRESS.

Moore's Translation of Anacreon .....Maxwell.

Volney's Travels in the United States, 1 vol. 8vo.....Conrad & co.

The Soldier's Daughter, a comedy, by Richard Cumberland, esq. .....Longworth, New-York.

Little's (alias Moore's) Poems..... Maxwell.

The second volume of Marshall's Life of Washington.....Wayne.

John Conrad & co. have made arrangements with Dr. Barton to publish a semi-annual work, on the plan of the New-York Medical Repository, the London Medical Journal, &c. It is contemplated to publish the first volume early in the winter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has just received a very flattering letter, accompanied with two small pamphlets, from the borders of the Mississippi. The writer is assured that no applause can be more acceptable than that which is obtained from such men as himself.....*'Tis fame indeed when the praise-worthy praise.* It is with great reluctance that he reminds his correspondent of that political neutrality to which he has condemned himself, and which obliges him to decline the introduction of the favours sent him. No one can be more sensible than he is of the merit of the performances alluded to, as specimens of eloquence; and he would willingly adorn his pages with the whole or part of them, if he were not under a moral necessity of silence. Should his correspondent find time or inclination to send any thing of a popular and general nature, the production of his own or any of his friends, it will be received with gratitude and pleasure.

Valverdi has received a place in the present number. Will this correspondent forgive the Editor for hinting, that he holds a much more judicious and masterly pen in prose than in verse? In the former province, the most austere and scrupulous critic must acknowledge his merit, while, in the poetical track, his step is more indicative of *future* than of *present* excellence. For Valverdi's favours, *in prose*, we shall always be particularly grateful, while we lament the necessity of omitting other favours, probably written with a hasty and careless hand.

C***** is sincerely thanked for his reproofs, to which a due attention shall be paid. We regret that any thing, in this publication, has given uneasiness to any religious mind. Nothing could be more remote from the intention of the writer of the pieces alluded to, than to call in question, or even to speak disrespectfully of, the tenets or practices of any sect. As he has always avoided the *reality*, so he will hereafter study to shun even the *appearance*, of such contempt. That class which our correspondent represents, is behind none in the moral and intellectual merit of the individuals of which it is composed.

The author of the poetical epistle, published in the present number, is thanked for his communication..... Any coin from the same mint will always be deemed genuine and current with us.

To M..... we cannot give any satisfactory answer. We know not what is already done, nor what is intended to be done, in the affair he mentions. His wishes correspond with that of a writer, whose thoughts he will have an opportunity of examining in the present number..... The Editor presumes not to form a judgment in this matter, till the whole subject is before him.

The Editor regrets that a very valuable communication, containing an authentic abstract of the travels of Baron Humboldt, drawn up from his own notes, came too late to receive such a place in the present number as its importance deserves. It is inserted by way of supplement.

BARON HUMBOLDT.

THE following abstract of the American Travels of the celebrated baron Humboldt and his companion Bonpland, has been drawn up from notes which the former has kindly furnished, and will supersede the many very incorrect accounts hitherto published relative to this interesting object.

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Baron Humboldt, having travelled from the year 1790, as a naturalist, through Germany, Poland, France, Switzerland, and through parts of England, Italy, Hungary, and Spain, came to Paris in 1798, when he received an invitation, from the directors of the national museum, to accompany captain Baudin in his voyage round the world. Citizen Alexander Aime Gourjon Bonpland, a native of Rochelle, and brought up in the Paris museum, was also to have accompanied them; when on the point of departing, the whole plan was suspended until a more favourable opportunity, owing to the re-commencement of the war with Austria, and to the consequent want of funds.

Mr. Humboldt, who, from 1792, had conceived the plan of travelling through India at his own expence, with a view of adding to the knowledge of the sciences connected with natural history, then resolved to follow the learned men, who had gone on the expedition to Egypt..... His plan was to go to Algiers in the Swedish frigate which carried the consul Skoldebrandt, to follow the caravan which goes from Algiers to Mecca, going through Egypt to Arabia, and thence by the Persian gulph to the English East-India establishments. The war which unexpectedly broke out in October, 1798, between France and the Barbary powers, and the troubles in the East, prevented Mr. Humboldt from embarking at Marseilles, where he had been fruitlessly two months waiting to proceed. Impatient at this delay, and continuing firm in his determination to go to Egypt, he went to Spain, hoping to pass more readily under the Spanish flag from Carthagena to Algiers and Tunis. He took with him the large collection of philosophical, chemical, and astronomical instruments, which he had purchased in England and France.

From a happy concurrence of circumstances, he obtained, in February, 1789, from the court of Madrid, a permission to visit the Spanish colonies of the two Americas, a permission which was granted with a liberality and frankness, which was honourable to the government and to a philosophic age. After a residence of some months at the Spanish court, during which time the king showed a strong personal interest in the plan, Mr. Humboldt, in June, 1799, left Europe, accompanied by Mr. Bonpland, who, to a profound knowledge in botany and zoology, added an indefatigable zeal. It is with this friend that Mr. Humboldt has accomplished, at his own expence, his travels in the two hemispheres, by land and sea, probably the most extensive which any *individual* has ever undertaken.

These two travellers left Corunna in the Spanish ship Pizarro, for the Canary islands, where they ascended to the crater of the Peak of Teyde, and made experiments on the analysis of the air. In July they arrived at the port of Camana, in South America. In 1799, 1800, they visited the coast of Paria, the missions of the Chaymas Indians, the province of New Andalusia (a country which had been rent by the most dreadful earthquakes, the hottest, and yet the most healthy, in the world) of New Barcelona, of Vene-

zuela, and of Spanish Guayana.....In January, 1800, they left Caraccas to visit the beautiful vallies of Aragua, where the great lake of Valencia recals to the mind the views of the lake of Geneva, embellished by the majesty of the vegetation of the tropics. From Porto Cabello they crossed, to the south, the immense plains of Caloboza, of Apure, and of the Oronoco, also los Llanos, a desert similar to those of Africa, where in the shade (by the reverberation of heat) the thermometer of Reaumur rose to 35 and 37 (111 to 115 F.) degrees. The level of the country for 2000 square leagues does not differ 5 inches. The sand every where represents the horizon of the sea, without vegetation; and its dry bosom hides the crocodiles, and the torpid boa (a species of serpent). The travelling here, as in all Spanish America, except Mexico, is performed on horseback..... They passed whole days without seeing a palm-tree or the vestige of a human dwelling. At St. Fernando de Apure, in the provinces of Varinas, Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland began that fatiguing navigation of nearly 1000 marine leagues, executed in canoes, making a chart of the country by the assistance of chronometers, the satellites of Jupiter, and the lunar distances. They descended the river Apure, which empties itself into the Oronoco, in 7 degrees of latitude. They ascended the last river (passing the celebrated cataracts of Mapure and Atures) to the mouth of the Guaviare. From thence they ascended the small rivers of Tabapa, Juamini, and Tenie. From the mission of Sarita they crossed by land to the sources of the famous Rio Negro, which Condamine saw, where it joins the Amazon, and which he calls a sea of fresh water. About 30 Indians carried the canoes through woods of Mami Lecythis and Laurus Cinamomoides to the cano (or creek) of Pemichin. It was by this small stream that the travellers entered the Rio Negro, or Black River, which they descended to St. Carlos, which has been erroneously supposed to be placed under the equator, or just at the frontiers of Great Para, in the government of Bresil. A canal from Tenie to Pemichin, which from the level nature of the ground is very practicable, would present a fine internal communication between the Para and the province of Carracas, a communication infinitely shorter than that of Cassiquiare..... From the fortress of St. Carlos on the Rio Negro, Mr. H. went north up that river and the Cassiquiare to the Oronoco, and on this river to the volcano Daida or the mission of the Esmeralda, near the sources of the Oronoco: the Indians Guaicas (a race of men almost pigmies, very white and very warlike) render fruitless any attempts to reach the sources themselves.

From the Esmeralda Messrs. H. & B. went down the Oronoco, when the waters rose, towards its mouths at St. Thomas de la Guayana, or the Angostura. It was during this long navigation that they were in a continued state of suffering, from want of nourishment, and shelter from the night rains, from living in the woods, from the mosquetoes, and an infinite variety of stinging insects, and from the impossibility of bathing, owing to the fierceness of the crocodile and the little carib fish, and finally the miasmata of a burning climate. They returned to Cumana by the plains of Cari and the mission of the Carib Indians, a race of men very different from any other, and probably, after the Patagonians, the tallest and most robust in the world.

After remaining some months at New Barcelona and Cumana, the travellers arrived at the Havanna, after a tedious and dangerous navigation, the vessel being in the night on the point of striking upon the Vibora rocks. Mr. H. remained three months in the island of Cuba, where he occupied himself in ascertaining the longitude of the Havanna, and in constructing stoves on the sugar plantations, which have since been pretty generally adopted. They were on the point of setting off for Vera

Cruz, meaning, by the way of Mexico and Acapulco, to go to the Philipine Islands, and from thence, if it was possible, by Bombay and Aleppo, to Constantinople, when some false reports relative to Baudin's voyage alarmed them, and made them change their plan. The gazettes held out the idea that this navigator would proceed from France to Buenos Ayres, and from thence, by Cape Horn, for Chili and the coast of Peru. Mr. Humboldt had promised to Mr. Baudin and to the Museum of Paris, that wherever he might be, he would endeavour to join the expedition, as soon as he should know of its having been commenced. He flattered himself that his researches, and those of his friend Bonpland, might be more useful to science, if united to the labours of the learned men who would accompany captain Baudin.

These considerations induced Mr. Humboldt to send his manuscripts, for 1799 and 1800, direct to Europe, and to freight a small schooner at Batabano, intending to go to Carthagena, and from thence, as quickly as possible, by the Isthmus of Panama, to the South Sea. He hoped to find captain Baudin at Guayaquil, or at Lima, and with him to visit New Holland, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, equally interesting in a moral point of view, as by the luxuriance of their vegetation.

It appeared imprudent to expose the manuscripts and collections already made to the risks of this proposed navigation. These manuscripts, of the fate of which Mr. H. remained ignorant during three years, and until his arrival in Philadelphia, arrived safe, but one third part of the collection was lost by shipwreck. Fortunately (except the insects of the Oronoco and of the Rio Negro) they were only duplicates; but unhappily friar John Gonzales, monk of the order of St. Francis, the friend to whom they were entrusted, perished with them. He was a young man full of ardour, who had penetrated into this unknown world of Spanish Guayana further than any other European.

Mr. Humboldt left Batabano in March, 1801, and passed to the south of the island of Cuba, on which he determined many geographical positions. The passage was rendered very long by calms, and the currents carried the little schooner too much to the west, to the mouths of the Attracto. The vessel put into the river Sinu, where no botanist had ever before visited, and they had a very difficult passage up to Carthagena. The season being too far advanced for the South Sea navigation, the project of crossing the isthmus was abandoned; and animated by the desire of being acquainted with the celebrated Mutis, and admiring his immensely rich collections of objects of natural history, Mr. H. determined to pass some weeks in the woods of Turbaco, and to ascend (which took forty days) the beautiful river of Madalaine, of the course of which he sketched a chart.

From Honda, our travellers ascended through forests of oaks, of *melastomo*, and of *cinchona* (the tree which affords the Peruvian bark), to St. Fe de Bogota, capital of the kingdom of New Grenada, situated in a fine plain, elevated 1360 toises (of six French feet) above the level of the sea. The superb collections of Mutis, the majestic cataract of the Tequendama (falls of 98 toises height) the mines of Mariquita, St. Ana, and of Tipaquira, the natural bridge of Sononza (three stones thrown together in the manner of an arch, by an earthquake), these curious objects stopped the progress of Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland until the month of September, 1801.

At this time, notwithstanding the rainy season had commenced, they undertook the journey to Quito, and passed the Andes of Quindiu, which are snowy mountains covered with wax palm-trees (palmiers a cire), with passe flores (passion flower) of the growth of trees, storax, and

bambusa (bamboo). They were, during 13 days, obliged to pass on foot through places dreadfully swampy, and without any traces of population.

From the village of Carthago, in the valley of Cauca, they followed the course of the choco, the country of Palatina, which was there found in round pieces of basalte and green rock (grein stein of Werner), and fossil wood. They pass by Buga to Popayan, a bishop's see, and situated near the volcanoes of *Sotara and Purace*, a most picturesque situation, and enjoying the most delicious climate in the world, the thermometer of Reamur keeping constantly at 16 to 18 (68 to 72 Fahr.) They ascended to the crater of the volcano of Purace, whose mouth, in the middle of snow, throws out vapours of sulphureous hydrogene, with continued and frightful rumbling.

From Papayan they passed by the dangerous defiles of Almager, avoiding the infected and contagious valley of Patia, to Posto, and from this town, even now situated at the foot of a burning volcano, by Tuqueras and the province of Pastos, a flat portion of country, fertile in European grain, but elevated more than 1500 to 1600 toises above the towns of Ibarra and Quito.

They arrived, in January, 1802, at this beautiful capital, celebrated by the labours of the illustrious Condamine, of Bouger, Godin, Dr. George Juan, and Ulloa, and still more celebrated by the great amiability of its inhabitants, and their happy turn for the arts.

They remained nearly a year in in the kingdom of Quito: the height of its snow-capped mountains, its terrible earthquakes (that of February 7, 1797, swallowed up 42,000 inhabitants, in a few seconds), its fertility, and the manners of its inhabitants, combined to render it the most interesting spot in the universe. After three vain attempts, they twice succeeded in ascending to the crater of the volcano of Pichincha, taking with them electrometers, barometers, and hygrometers. Condamine could only stop here a few minutes, *and that without instruments*. In his time, this immense crater was cold and filled with snow. Our travellers found it inflamed; distressing information for the town of Quito, which is distant from it only 5000 to 6000 toises.

They made separate visits to the snowy and porphyritic mountains of Antisana, Cotopaxi, Tungarague, and Chimborazo, the last the highest point of our globe. They studied the geological part of the Cordillera of the Andes, on which subject nothing has been published in Europe, mineralogy (if the expression may be used) having been created, as it were, since the time of Condamine. The geodesical measurements proved that some mountains, particularly the volcano of Tungarague, has considerably lowered since 1750, which result agrees with the observations made to them by the inhabitants.

During the whole of this part of the journey, they were accompanied by Mr. Charles Montutar, son of the marquis of Selva-alegre, of Quito, a person zealous for the progress of science, and who is, at his own expence, rebuilding the pyramids of Saraqui, the extremity of the celebrated bases of the *triangles* of the Spanish and French academicians. This interesting young man having followed Mr. Humboldt in the remainder of his journey through Peru and the kingdom of New Spain, is now on his passage with him to Europe.

Circumstances were so favourable to the efforts of the three travellers, that at Antisana they ascended 2200 French feet, and at Chimborazo, on June 22, 1802, nearly 3200 feet higher than Condamine was able to carry his instruments. They ascended to 3036 toises elevation above the level of the sea, the blood starting from their eyes, lips, and gums. An opening, of 80 toises deep, and very wide, prevented them from reaching the top, from which they were only distant 134 toises.

It was at Quito that Mr. Humboldt received a letter from the Na-

tional Institute of France, informing him, that captain Baudin had proceeded by the Cape of Good Hope, and that there was no longer any hope of joining him.

After having examined the country overturned by the earthquake of Riobamba, in 1797, they passed by the Andes of Assuay to Cuenza. The desire of comparing the barks (cinchona) discovered by Mr. Mutis, at Santa Fe de Bagota, and with those of Popayan, and the cuspa and cuspare of New Andalusia, and of the river Caroni (named falsely Cortex Augustura), with the cinchona (barks) of Loxa and Peru, they preferred deviating from the beaten track from Cuenza to Lima; but they passed with immense difficulties in the carriage of their instruments and collections,by the forest (paramo) of Saragura to Loxa, and from thence to the province of Saen de Bracamoros. They had to cross thirty-five times, in two days, the river Guancabamba, so dangerous for its sudden freshes. They saw the ruins of the superb Ynga road, comparable to the finest roads in France, and which went upon the ridge of the Andes from Cusco to the Assuay, accommodated with fountains and taverns.

They descended the river Chamaya, which led them into that of the Amazones, and they navigated this last river down to the cataracts of Tomeperda, one of the most fertile, but one of the hottest, climates of the habitable globe. From the Amazone river they returned to the south-east by the Cordilleras of the Andes to Montar, where they found they had passed the magnetic equator, the inclination being 0, although at seven degrees of south latitude. They visited the mines of Hualguayoc, where native silver is found at the height of 2000 toises. Some of the veins of these mines contain petrified shells, and which, with those of Pasco and Huantajayo, are actually the richest of Peru. From Caxamarca they descended to Truxillo, in the neighbourhood of which are found the ruins of the immense Peruvian city, Mansiche.

It was on this western descent of the Andes that the three voyagers, for the first time, had the pleasure of seeing the Pacific Ocean. They followed its barren sides, formerly watered by the canals of the Yngas at Santa, Guerma, and Lima. They remained some months in this interesting capital of Peru, of which the inhabitants are distinguished by the vivacity of their genius, and the liberality of their ideas.

Mr. Humboldt had the good fortune to observe the end of the passage of Mercury over the sun's disk, in the port of Callao. He was astonished to find, at such a distance from Europe, the most recent productions in chemistry, mathematics, and medicine; and he found great activity of mind in the inhabitants, who, in a climate where it never either rains or thunders, have been falsely accused of indolence.

From Lima our travellers passed by sea to Guayaquil, situated on the brink of a river, where the growth of the palm tree is beautiful beyond description. They every moment heard the rumbling of the volcano of Cotopaxi, which made an alarming explosion on the 6th January, 1803. They immediately set off to visit it a second time, when the unexpected intelligence of the speedy departure of the frigate Atalanta determined them to return, after being seven days exposed to the dreadful attacks of the mosquitoes of Babaoya and Ujibar.

They had a fortunate passage, by the Pacific Ocean, to Acapulco, the western port of the kingdom of New Spain, famous for the beauty of its harbour, which appears to have been formed by earthquakes, for the misery of its inhabitants, and for its climate, which is equally hot and unhealthy.

Mr. Humboldt had originally the intention to remain only a few months in Mexico, and to hasten his return to Europe; his voyage had already been too much protracted,

his instruments, particularly the chronometers, began to be out of order, and every effort that he made to have new ones sent to him proved of no avail; add to this consideration, that the progress of science is so rapid in Europe, that, in a journey that lasts four or five years, great risk is run of contemplating the different phenomena under aspects, which are no longer interesting at the moment of publishing the result of your labours. Mr. Humboldt hoped to be in France in August or September, 1803, but the attractions of a country, so beautiful and so varied, as is that of the kingdom of New Spain, the great hospitality of its inhabitants, and the fear of the yellow fever, so fatal, from June to November, for those who come from the mountainous parts of the country, led him to stay a year in this kingdom.

Our travellers ascended from Acapulco to Tasco, celebrated for its mines, as interesting as they are ancient. They rise, by small degrees, from the ardent valley of Mescala and Papagayo, where the thermometer of Reaumur stands, in the shade, constantly from 28 to 31 (95 to 101 Fah.), in a region 6 or or 700 toises above the level of the sea, where you find the oaks, the pines, and the fougere (fern) as large as trees, and where the European grains are cultivated. They passed by Tasco, by Cuerna Vacca, to the capital of Mexico. This city, of 150,000 inhabitants, is placed upon the ancient site of Texochtitlan, between the lakes of Tezcuco and Xochimilco, lakes which have lessened somewhat since the Spaniards have opened the canal of Hacheutoca, in sight of two snow-topped mountains, of which one, Hopocatepec, is even now an active volcano, surrounded by a great number of walks, shaded with trees, and by Indian villages.

This capital of Mexico, situated 1160 toises *above the sea*, in a mild and temperate climate, may doubtless be compared to some of the finest towns in Europe. Great scientific establishments, such the Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Engraving, the College of Mines, (owing to the liberality of the Company of Miners of Mexico), and the Botanic Garden, are institutions which do honour to the government which has created them.

After remaining some months in the valley of Mexico, and after fixing the longitude of the capital, which had been laid down with an error of nearly two degrees, our travellers visited the mines of Moran and Real del Monte, and the Cerro of Oyamel, where the ancient Mexicans had the manufactory of knives made of the obsidian stone. They soon after passed by Queretaro and Salamanca to Guanaxoato, a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, and celebrated for its mines, more rich than those of Potosi have ever been. The mine of the count of Valenciana, which is 1840 French feet perpendicular depth, is the deepest and richest mine of the universe. This mine alone gives to its proprietor nearly six hundred thousand dollars annual and constant profit.

From Guanaxoato they returned by the valley of St. Jago to Valladolid, in the ancient kingdom of Michuacan, one of the most fertile and charming provinces of the kingdom. They descended from Pascuaro towards the coast of the Pacific Ocean to the plains of Serullo, where, in 1759, in one night, a volcano arose from the level, surrounded by two thousand small mouths, from whence smoke still continues to issue. They arrived almost to the bottom of the crater of the great volcano of Serullo, of which they analized the air, and found it strongly impregnated with carbonic acid. They returned to Mexico by the valley of Teluca, and visited the volcano, to the highest point of which they ascended, 14,400 French feet above the level of the sea.

In the months of January and February, 1804, they pursued their researches on the eastern descent

of the Cordilleras, they measured the mountains Merados, de la Puebla, Popocatyce, Izazihuatli, the great peak of Orizaba, and the Cofre de Perote; upon the top of this last Mr. Humboldt observed the meridian height of the sun. In fine, after some residence at Xalappa, they embarked at Vera Cruz, for the Havannah. They resumed the collections they had left there in 1801, and by the way of Philadelphia, embarked for France, in July, 1804, after six years of absence and labours. A collection of 6000 different species of plants (of which a great part are new) and numerous mineralogical, astronomical, chemical, and moral observations, have been the result of this expedition. Mr. Humboldt gives the highest praises to the liberal protection granted to his researches by the Spanish government.

Baron Humboldt was born in Prussia, on the 14th of September, 1769.